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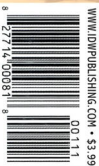


SILVER SCREAM

Written & Directed by Tony Lee & Al Davison

Starring: The Doctor . Archie Maplin . Maximilian Love
with: Leo Miller . Matthew Finnegan. Introducing: Emily Winter .

Filmed in: **Kindzierski-Vision**



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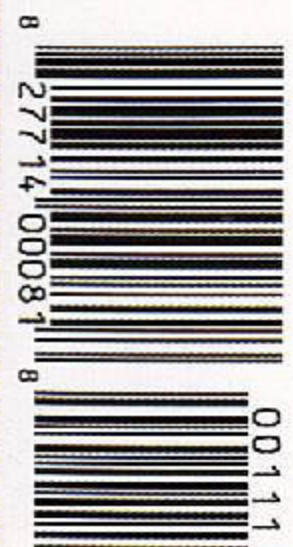
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FIRST ISSUE
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COVER BY PAUL GRIST



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LEE • DAVISON
SILVER
SCREAM

⌘ PART 1 OF 2 ⌘



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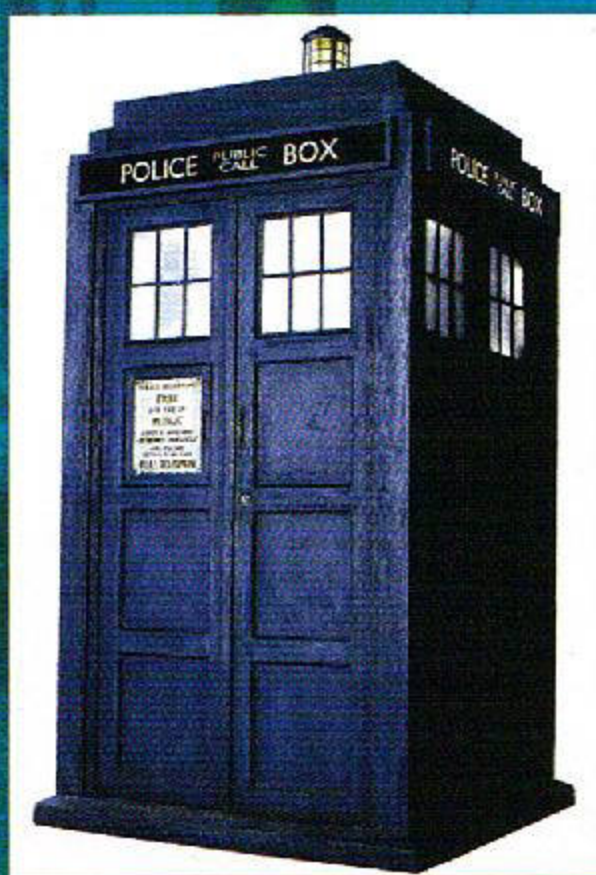
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DOCTOR • WHO™



The Doctor

He's a Time Lord from the planet Gallifrey. He's over 900 years old. If there's danger, he's the man who's going to save your life—and everyone on your planet. Got a problem with that?



The TARDIS

The Doctor's dimensionally transcendental time/space machine, cunningly disguised as a police public call box. The trip of a lifetime is guaranteed with every journey!

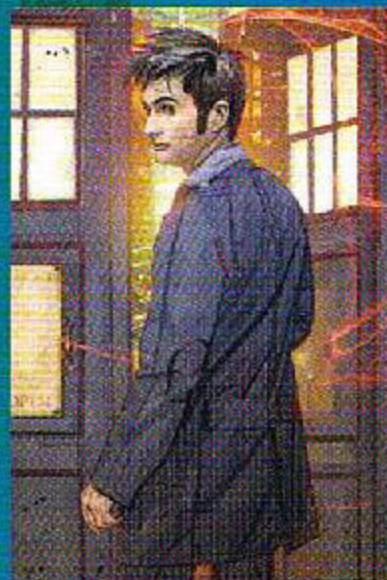
Doctor Who #1 • Silver Scream Part 1 of 2



Cover A
Art by Paul Grist
Colors by Phil Elliott



Cover B
Art and colors by
Al Davison



Cover RI
Art and colors by
Tommy Lee Edwards

Written by >> **Tony Lee**

Art by >> **Al Davison**

Colors by >> **Lovern Kindzierski**

Letters by >> **Robbie Robbins**

Edits by >> **Denton J. Tipton**



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HOLLYWOOD. 1926. THE PARTY OF
ONE ARCHIBALD MAPLIN, ESQ.

AND I SAID
"THERE'S NO FUTURE
IN THAT. LET TALKING
ACTORS STAY ON
THE STAGE."

IS THAT
FAIRBANKS? HE
LOOKS GREAT! HOW
DOES HE DO IT?

DON'T GET ME
STARTED! HIS LAST
FILM WAS SO TERRIBLE,
HE SHOULD BE IN THE
KEYSTONE COPS!

PARDON ME,
MR. MAPLIN, BUT I
BELIEVE WE HAVE A
GATECRASHER.

LOOK,
KATO—HALF THE
PEOPLE HERE ARE
GATECRASHERS. WHAT
MAKES THIS ONE
DIFFERENT?

TRUST ME,
SIR, HE JUST
SEEMS OUT OF
PLACE.

FINE,
SHOW ME.

BUT IF IT'S
BUSTER KEATON IN
A FAKE BEARD, I'M
NOT GOING TO BE
IMPRESSED.

—AND I SAID
"ONLY IF YOU
GET IN THE
BARREL
FIRST!"

I MEAN, IF YOU'RE GOING
TO GO OVER NIAGRA
FALLS, YOU REALLY
SHOULD DO IT WITH A
CHELONIAN!

OF COURSE, WE FORGOT
TO PUT THE LID ON—AND IT
SUNK BEFORE WE WERE TEN
FEET FROM THE BANK—
OH, HELLO.

EXCUSE
ME, SIR—

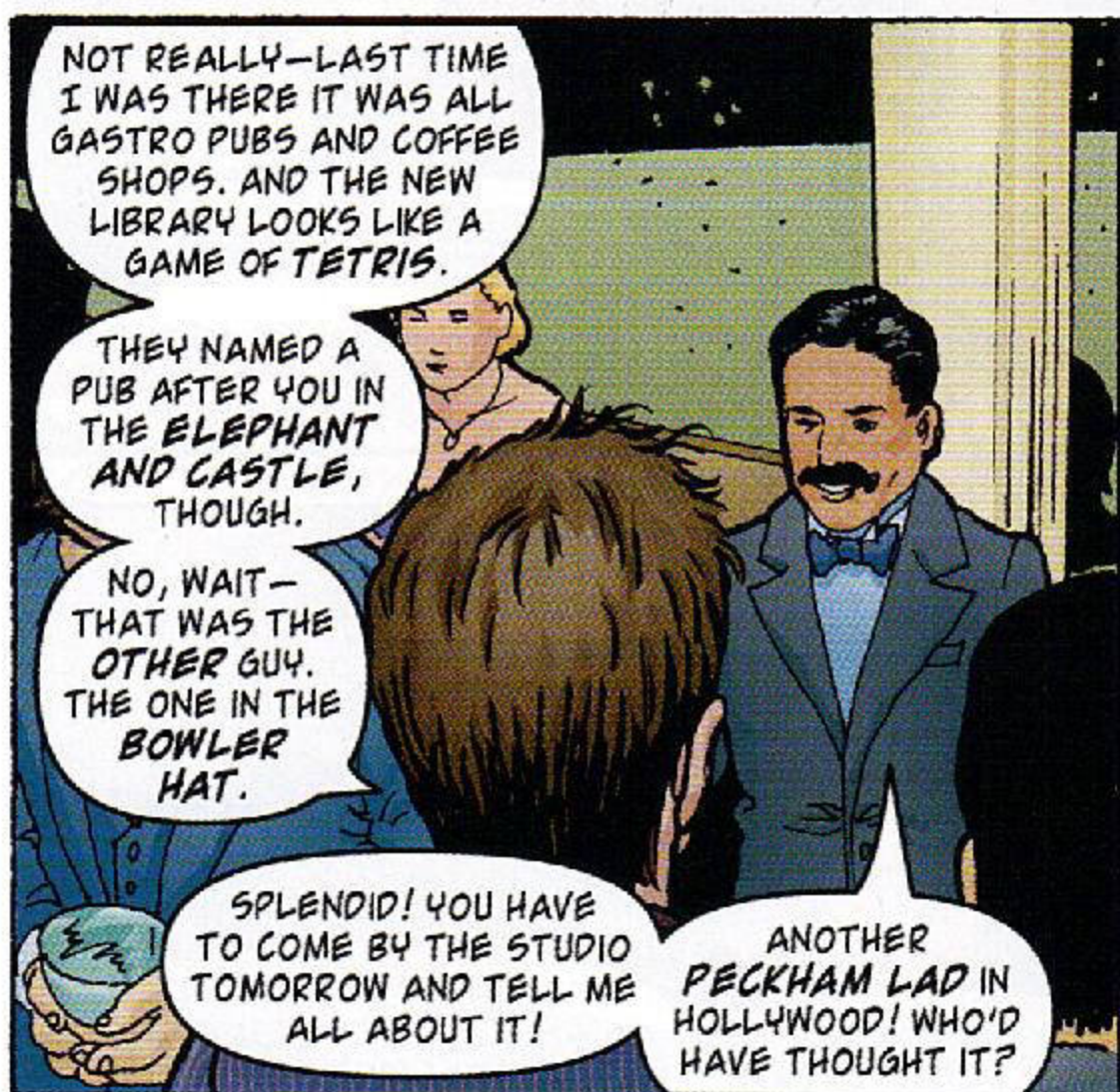
THERE HE IS!
THERE'S THE MAN!
ARCHIE MAPLIN
HIMSELF!

ALTHOUGH I
PREFERRED THE LATER
STUFF. YOU KNOW, THE
GREAT OPPRESSOR,
FUTURE TIMES, THAT
SORT OF THING.

OH AND THAT
VIRTUAL HOLOGRAPHIC
THING THEY DID ON THE
UNIWEB IN THE 30TH
CENTURY—BUT THAT WASN'T
REALLY YOU. LOOKED
LIKE YOU.

BIT TOO
SCALY, THOUGH.
SPOILED THE
ILLUSION FOR
ME.

I'M
SORRY—DO I
KNOW YOU?





REALLY? YOU THINK SO? ARE YOU A PRODUCER, TOO?

NOT REALLY—NOT AT ALL, ACTUALLY.

NO, THERE'S A STATIC POINT IN SPACE AND TIME, EMILY. RIGHT HERE IN HOLLYWOOD, RIGHT NOW. I'M HERE TO HAVE A LOOK AT IT.

AND YOU KNOW WHAT, EMILY? SOMEHOW THIS STATIC POINT IS CONNECTED WITH YOU.



ARE YOU ALRIGHT, EMILY? IS THIS MAN BOTHERING YOU?

NO, MATTHEW—HE'S ACTUALLY COMPLIMENTING ME ON MY WORK!

WELL, THAT IS, I THINK HE IS...



MICHAEL CAINE. PLEASURE TO MEET YOU. CALL ME THE DOCTOR.

AND YOU ARE?

MATTHEW. MATTHEW FINNEGAN.

I'M A RUNNER AT THE UNITED ACTORS STUDIOS. WHAT DO YOU DO?

OH, YOU KNOW—BIT OF THIS, BIT OF THAT. ONE MINUTE I'M IN ANCIENT ROME, THE NEXT IT'S VICTORIAN LONDON—

—I SEEM TO BE DOING A LOT OF VICTORIAN LONDON THESE DAYS.



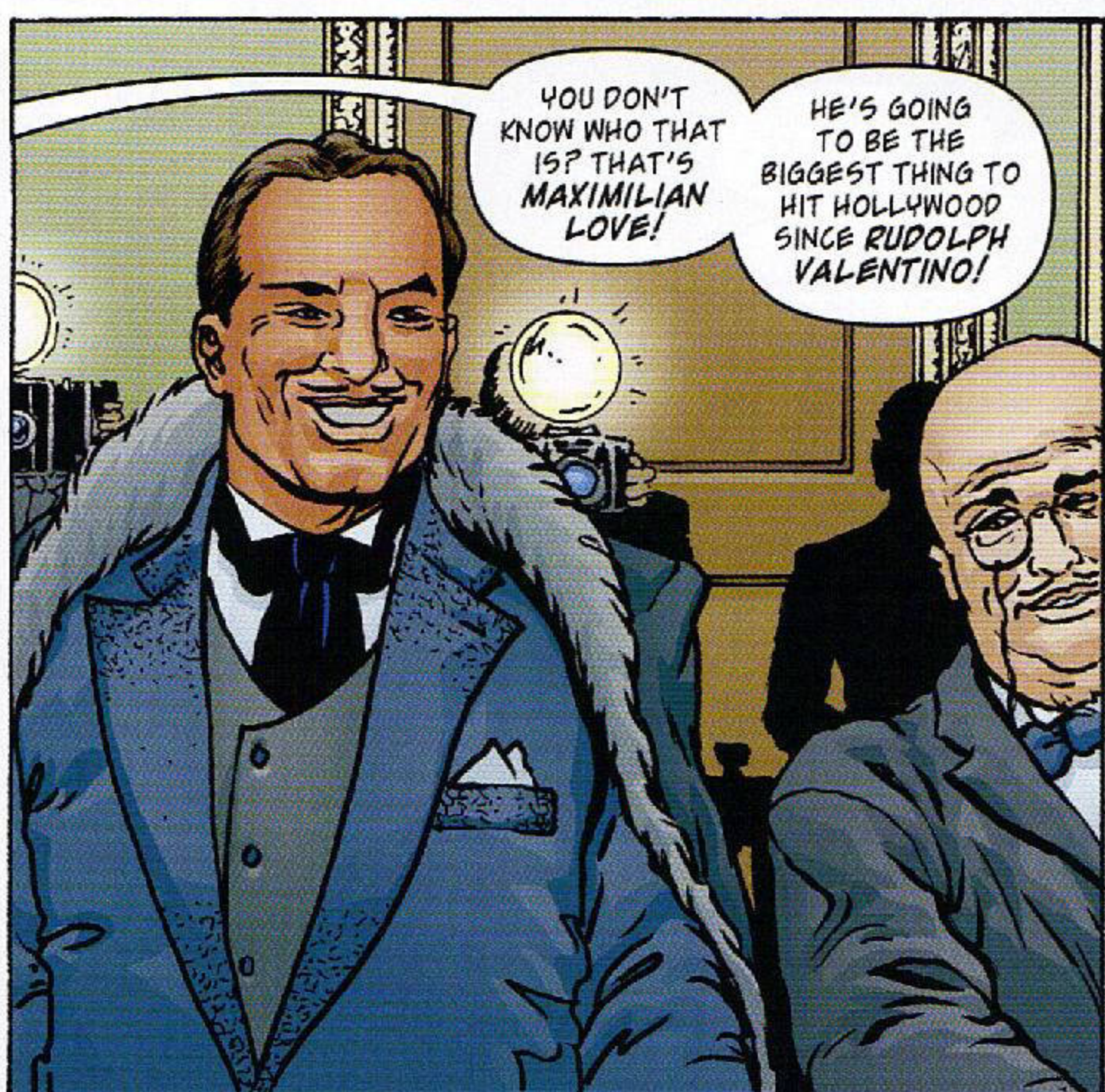
HOW WONDERFUL! YOU'RE A MOVIE EXTRA! THAT'S WHAT I DO, TOO!

OF COURSE, I DON'T WANT TO STAY AN EXTRA FOREVER. MATTHEW RECKONS I HAVE THAT SPECIAL, STAR QUALITY!



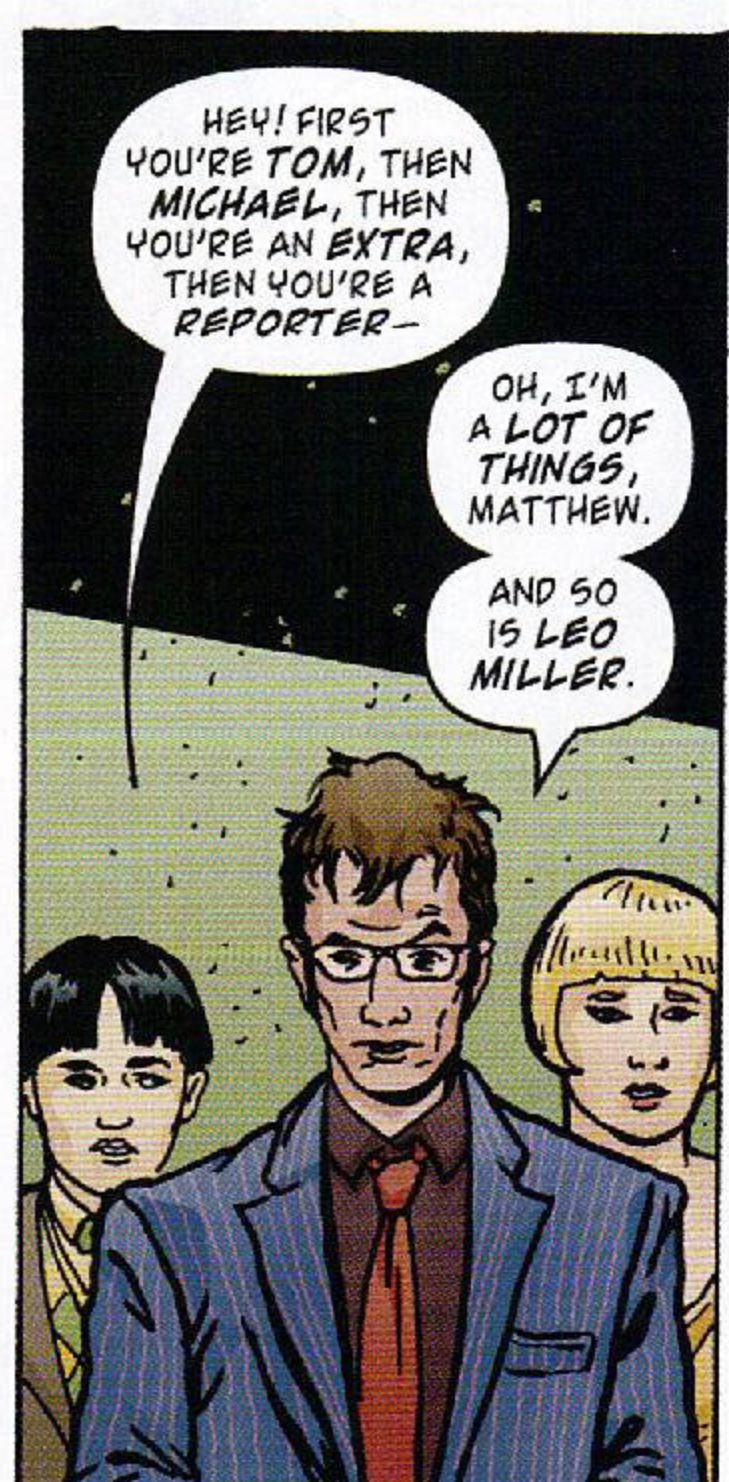
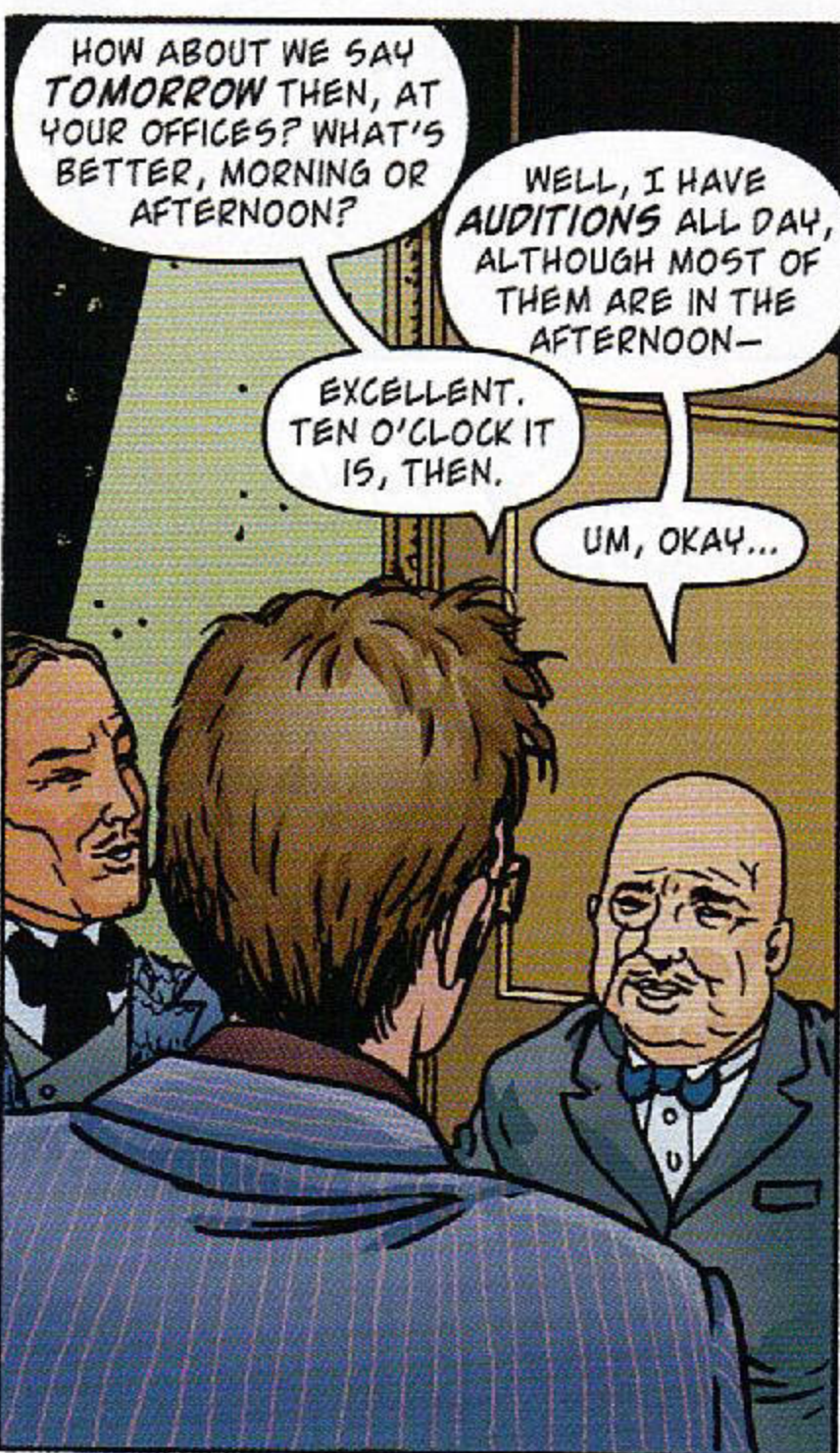
OH, YOU'RE DEFINITELY SPECIAL, EMILY.

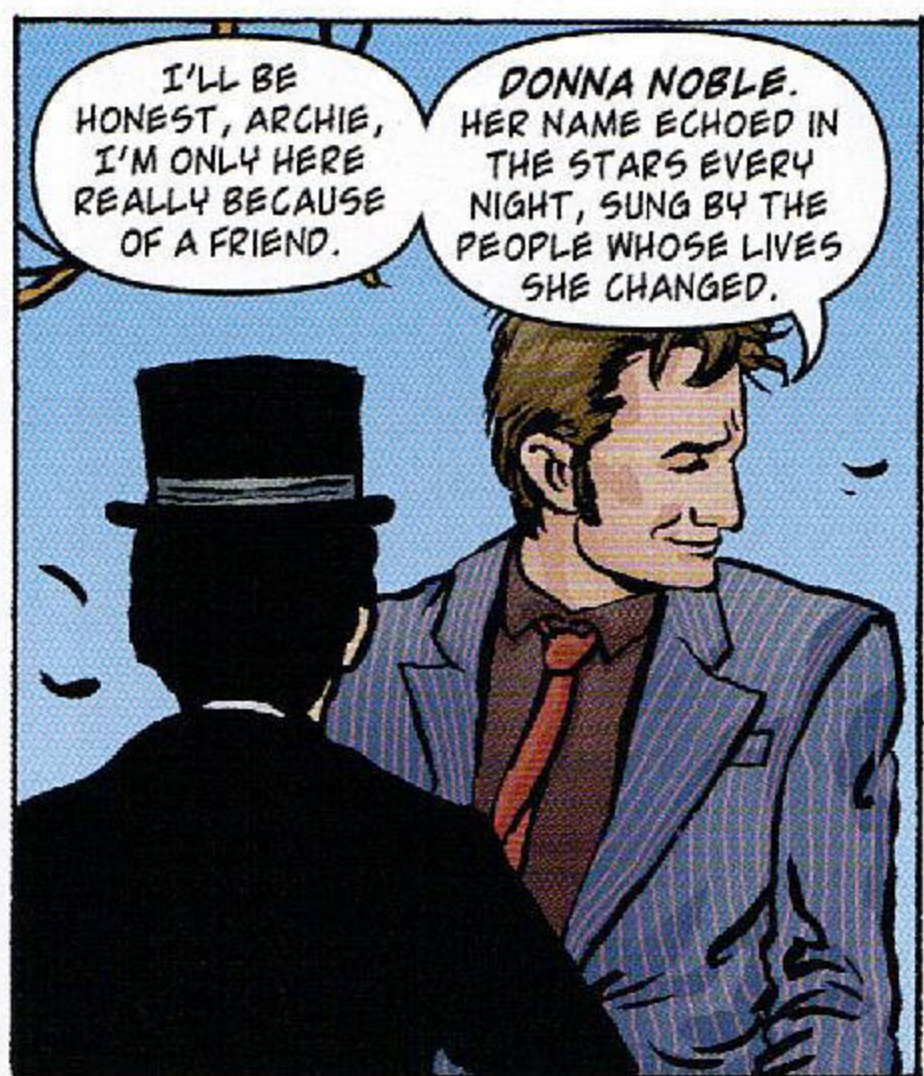
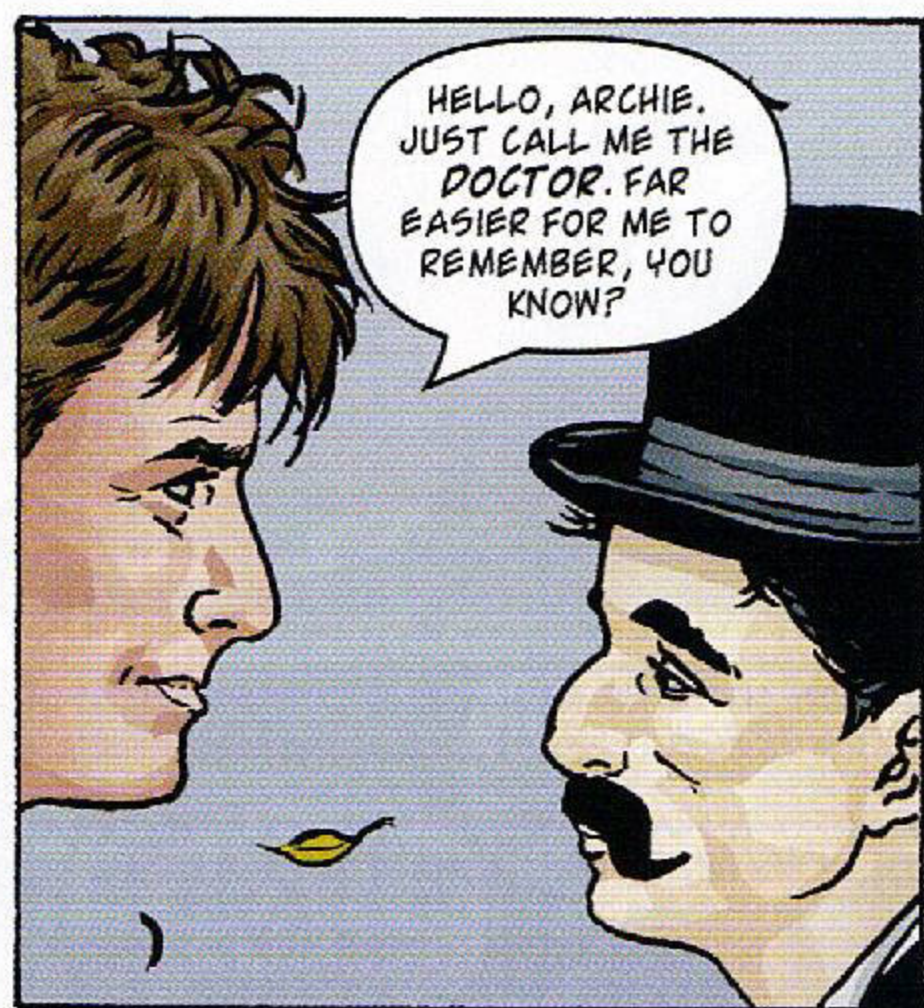
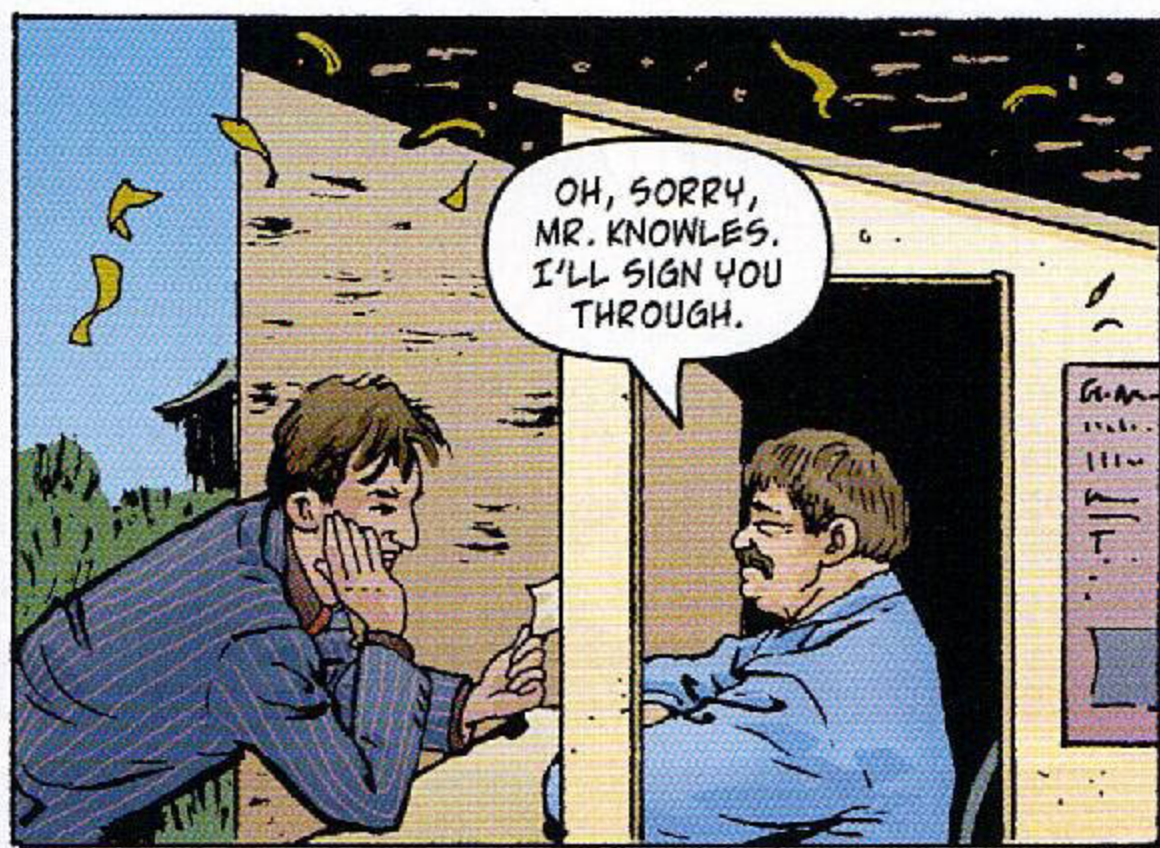
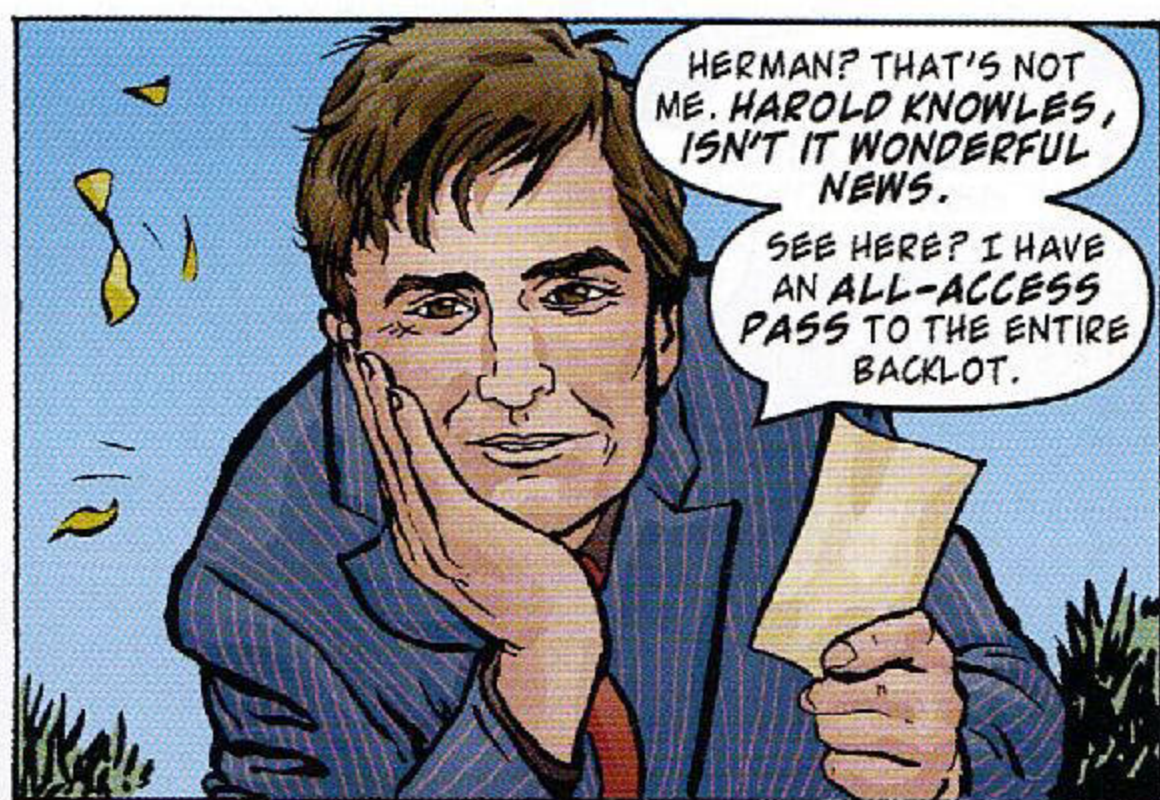
I DON'T MEAN TO CHANGE THE SUBJECT, BUT WHO'S THAT?



YOU DON'T KNOW WHO THAT IS? THAT'S MAXIMILIAN LOVE!

HE'S GOING TO BE THE BIGGEST THING TO HIT HOLLYWOOD SINCE RUDOLPH VALENTINO!

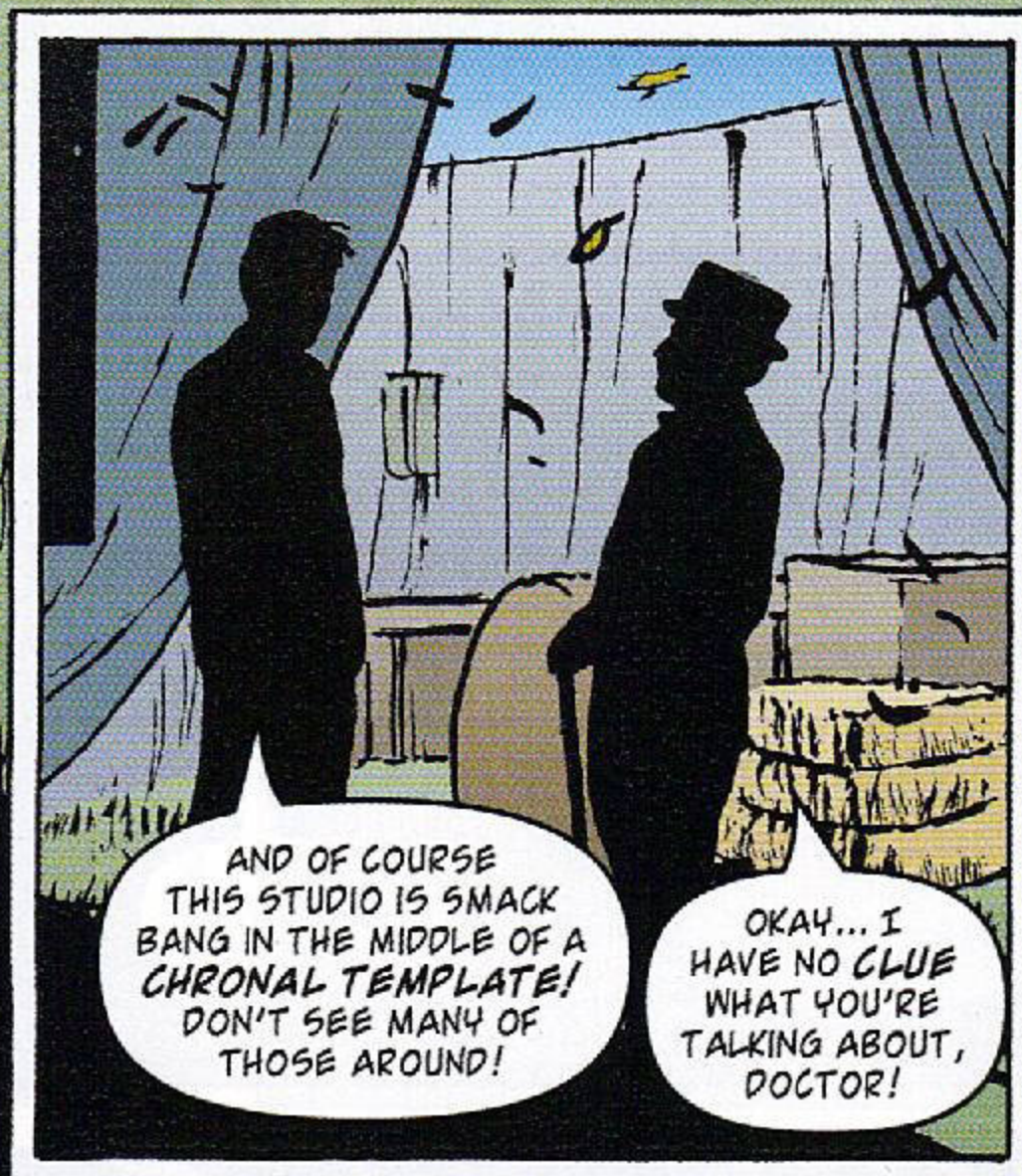






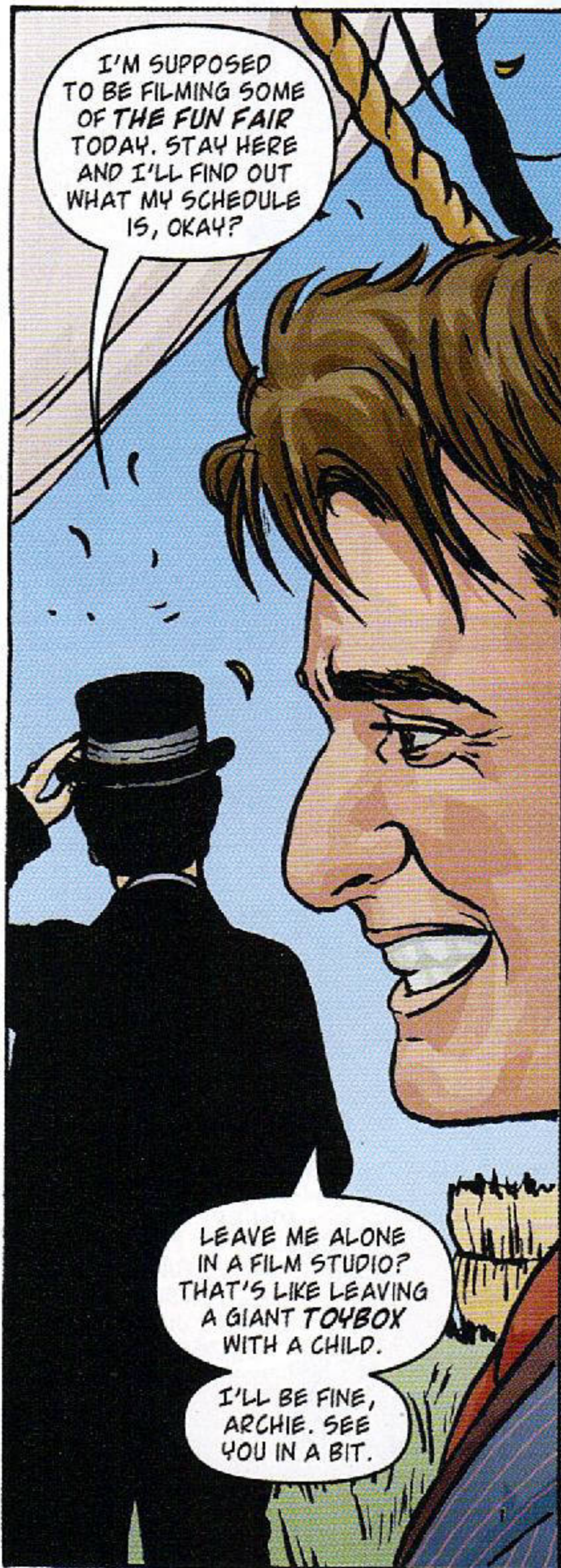
THE LAST THING SHE SAID TO ME—THE LAST THING SHE WANTED TO DO—WAS TO VISIT A SILENT MOVIE SET.

SHE'S GONE NOW, LEFT ME. I THOUGHT IT MIGHT... HELP TO FINISH HER LAST WISH.



AND OF COURSE THIS STUDIO IS SMACK BANG IN THE MIDDLE OF A CHRONAL TEMPLATE! DON'T SEE MANY OF THOSE AROUND!

OKAY... I HAVE NO CLUE WHAT YOU'RE TALKING ABOUT, DOCTOR!



I'M SUPPOSED TO BE FILMING SOME OF THE FUN FAIR TODAY. STAY HERE AND I'LL FIND OUT WHAT MY SCHEDULE IS, OKAY?

LEAVE ME ALONE IN A FILM STUDIO? THAT'S LIKE LEAVING A GIANT TOYBOX WITH A CHILD.

I'LL BE FINE, ARCHIE. SEE YOU IN A BIT.



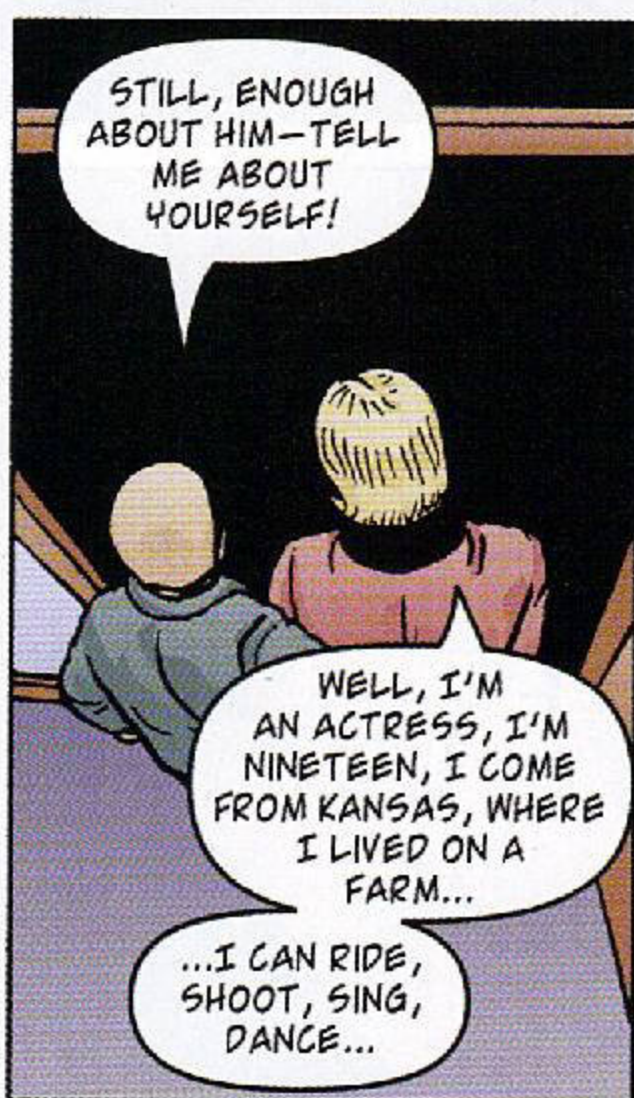
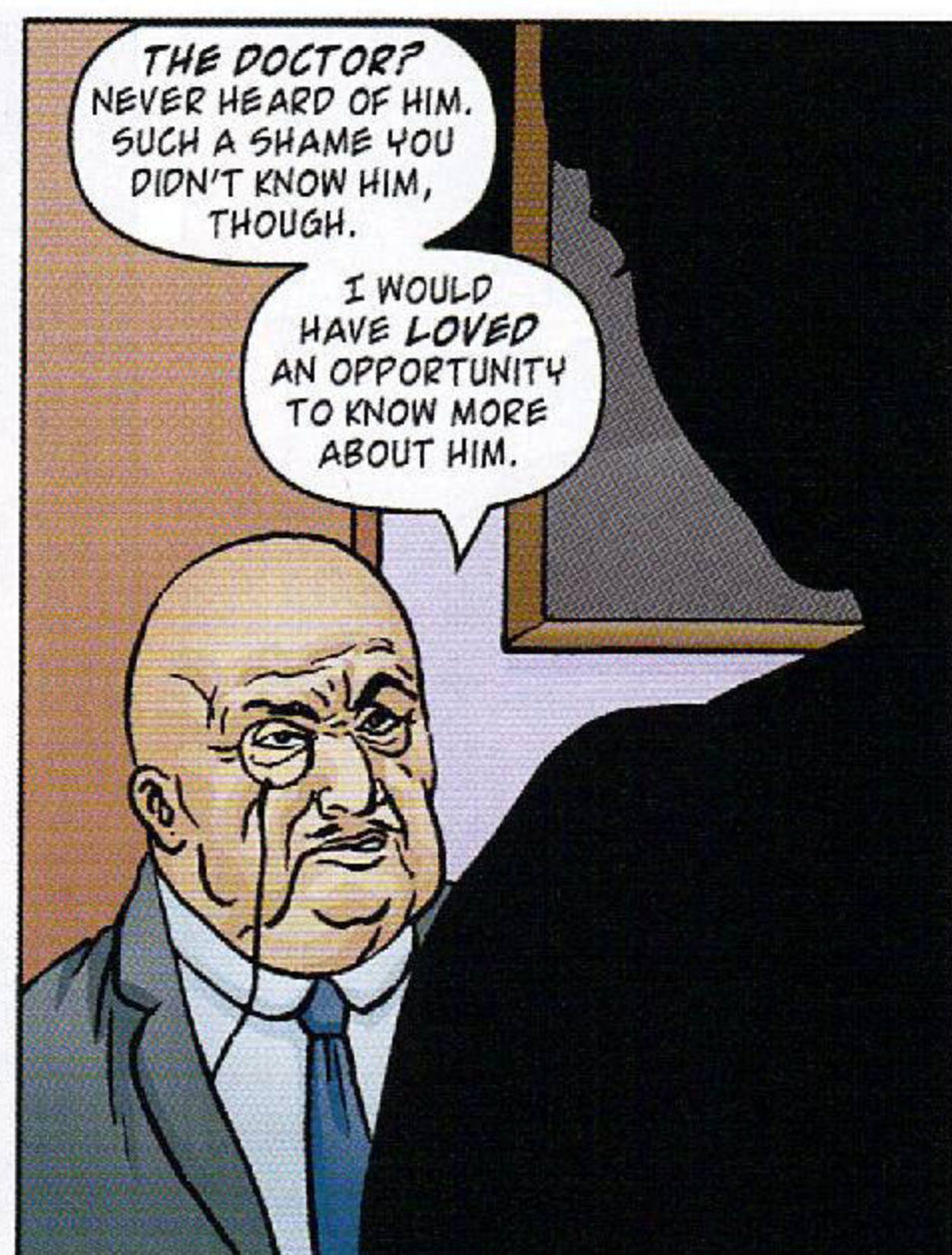
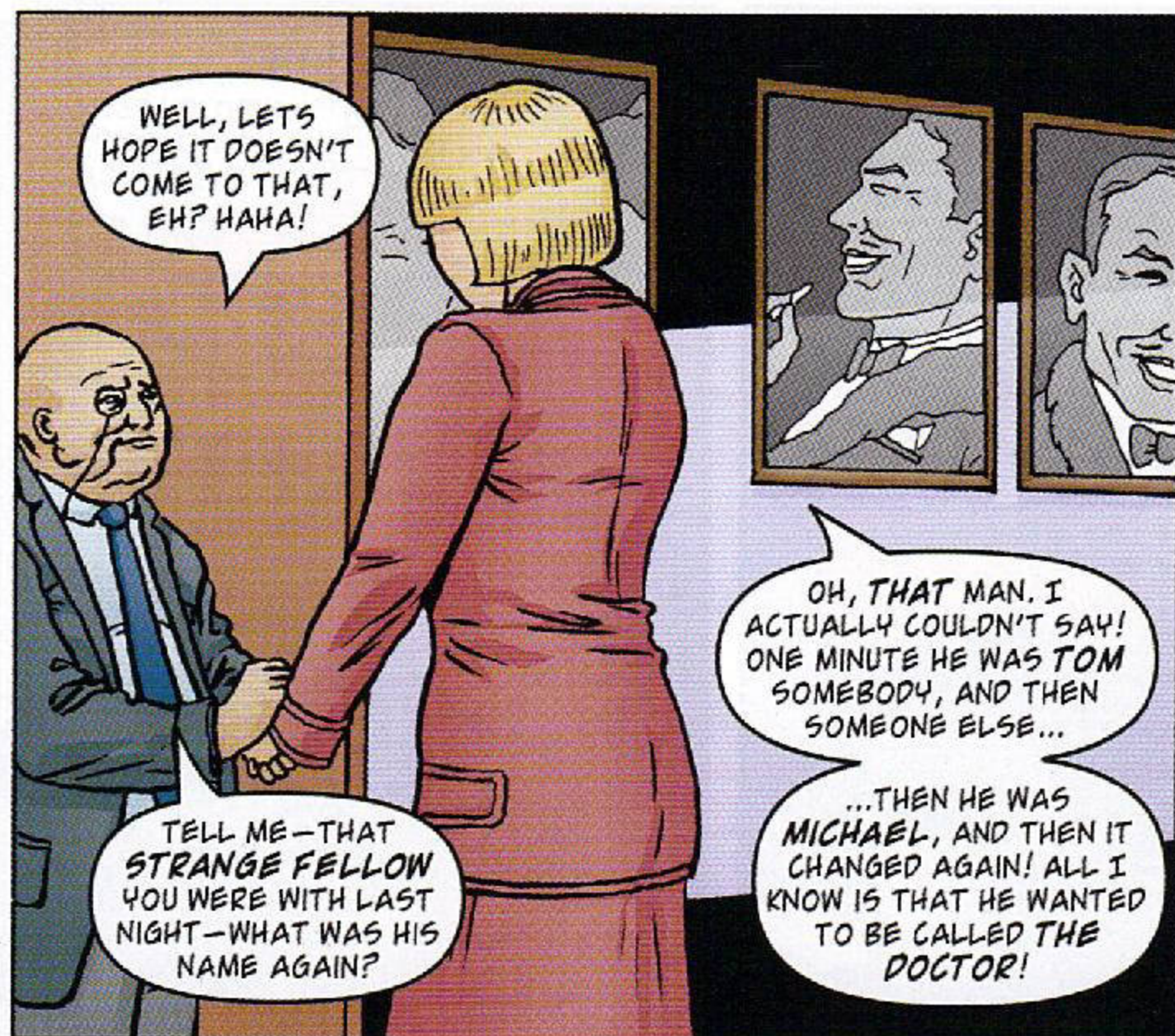
JUST AS I REMEMBERED. YOU'D HAVE LIKED HIM, DONNA.

REMINDS ME OF WILF.



REMINDS ME OF WILF.







SNOOPING, MATTHEW?

-GACK-



I DIDN'T EXPECT THAT OF YOU.

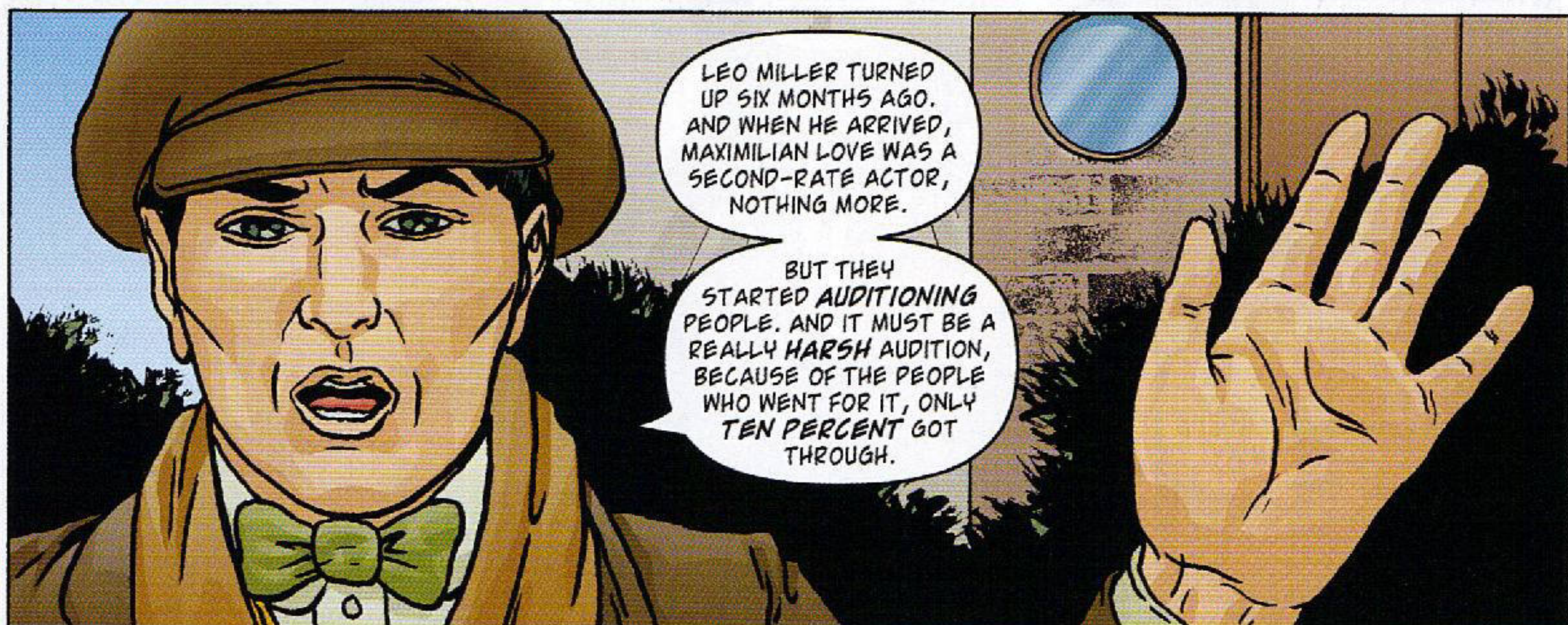
UNLESS WE'RE WATCHING SOMETHING EXCITING! IS IT SOMETHING EXCITING, MATTHEW?



IF YOU MUST KNOW, I'M WATCHING THE OFFICES OF LEO MILLER.

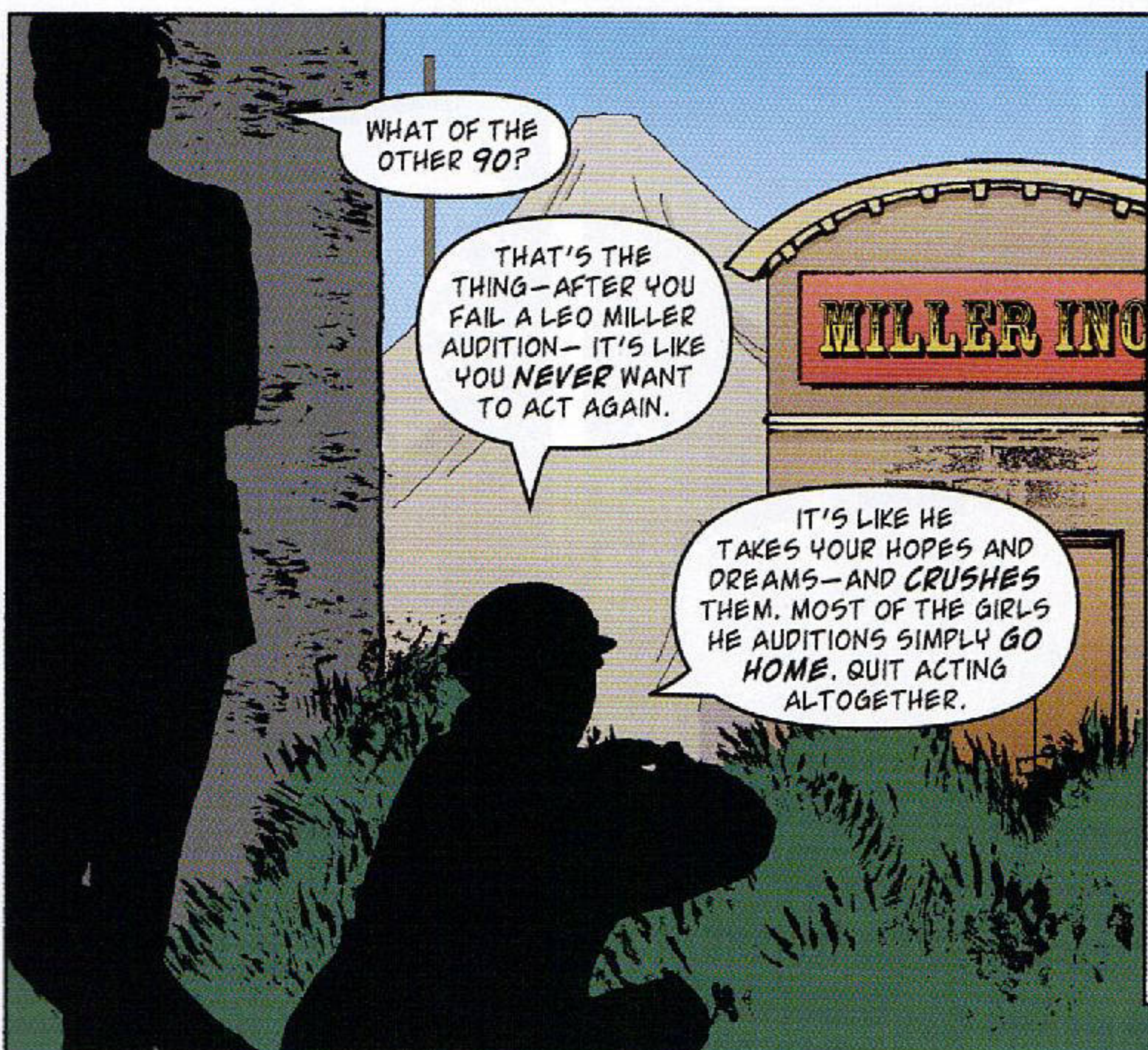
EMILY HAD HER AUDITION TODAY, AND I DON'T TRUST THEM.

DON'T TRUST THEM? WHY?



LEO MILLER TURNED UP SIX MONTHS AGO. AND WHEN HE ARRIVED, MAXIMILIAN LOVE WAS A SECOND-RATE ACTOR, NOTHING MORE.

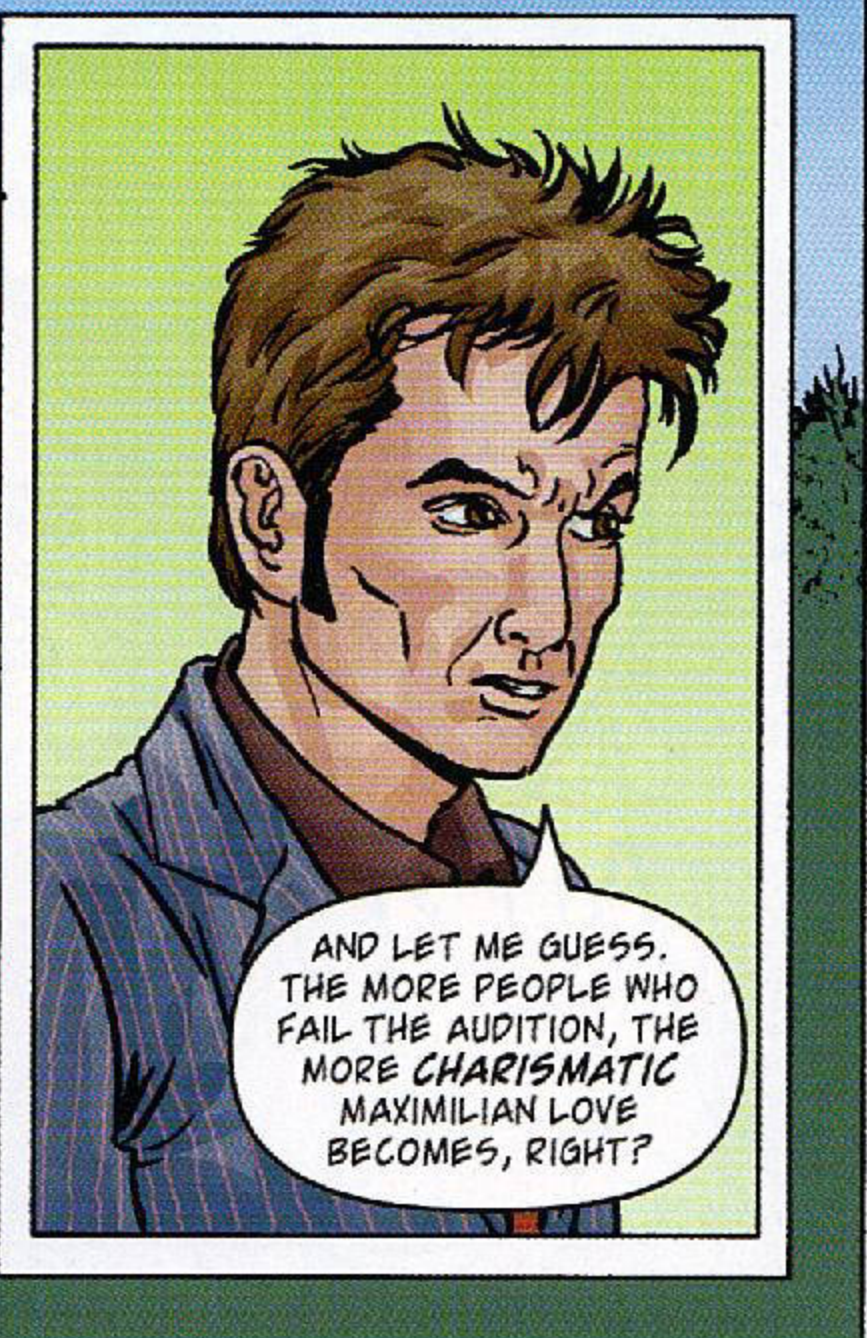
BUT THEY STARTED AUDITIONING PEOPLE. AND IT MUST BE A REALLY HARSH AUDITION, BECAUSE OF THE PEOPLE WHO WENT FOR IT, ONLY TEN PERCENT GOT THROUGH.



WHAT OF THE OTHER 90?

THAT'S THE THING—AFTER YOU FAIL A LEO MILLER AUDITION—IT'S LIKE YOU NEVER WANT TO ACT AGAIN.

IT'S LIKE HE TAKES YOUR HOPES AND DREAMS—AND CRUSHES THEM. MOST OF THE GIRLS HE AUDITIONS SIMPLY GO HOME. QUIT ACTING ALTOGETHER.



AND LET ME GUESS. THE MORE PEOPLE WHO FAIL THE AUDITION, THE MORE CHARISMATIC MAXIMILIAN LOVE BECOMES, RIGHT?



HOW DID YOU—

—HANG ON, THERE SHE IS!

EMILY!



HOW DID THE AUDITION GO? DID YOU GET THE PART?

PART? WHO CARES ABOUT A STUPID PART?

I—I DON'T REMEMBER WHAT HAPPENED. IT'S NOT IMPORTANT, PROBABLY.



WHAT'S WRONG WITH HER, DOCTOR?

EYES ARE DILATED... TONE IS SUBDUED... LOOKS LIKE SHE'S HAD A MILD SEDATIVE, MAYBE SHORT-TERM HYPNOSIS.

WHATEVER THEY DID IN THERE—IT WASN'T AN AUDITION. MY GUESS IS THAT SOMEHOW THEY'VE FIDDLER WITH HER ROSTRAL ANTERIOR CINGULATE CORTEX.

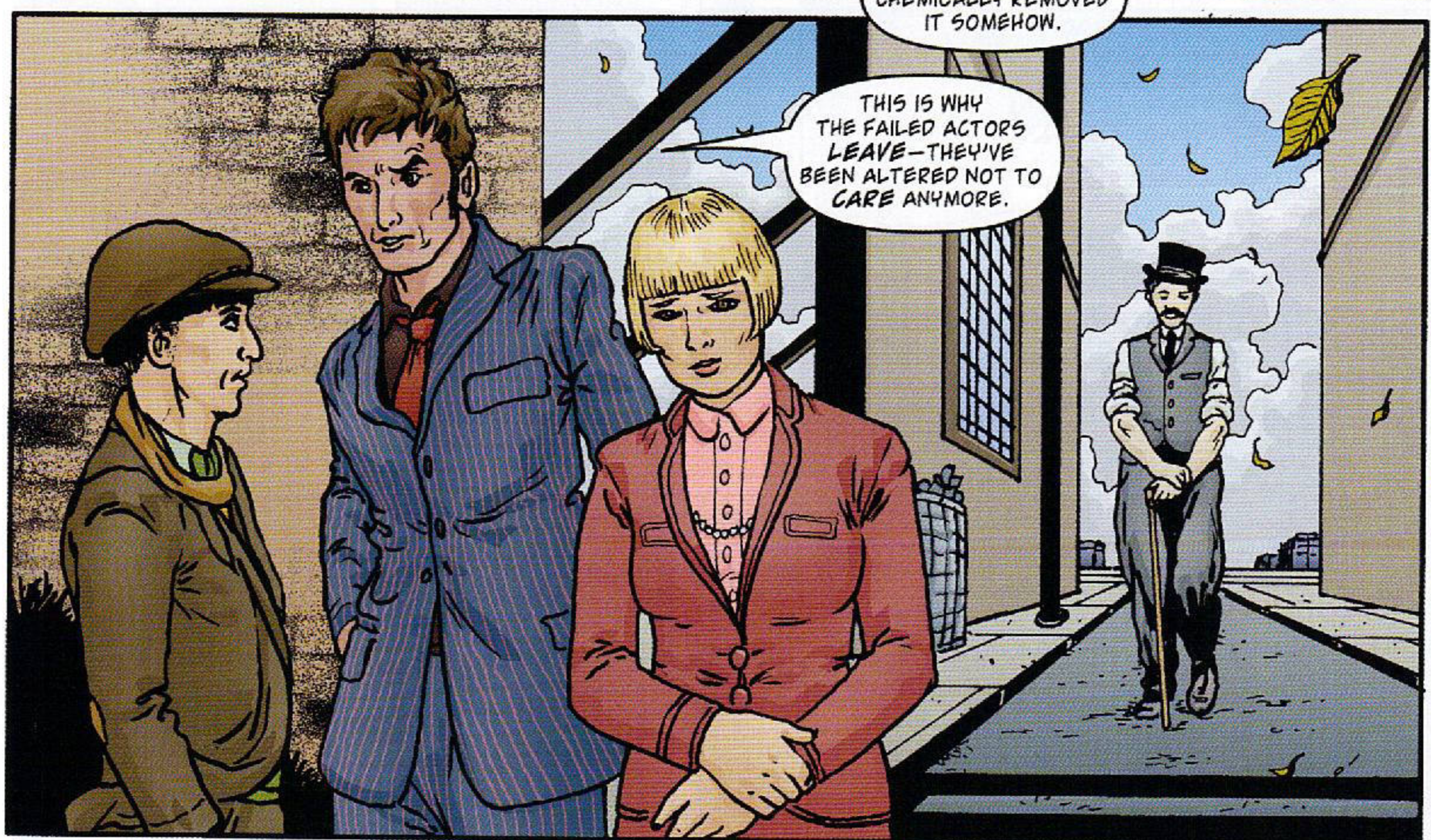
HER WHAT?



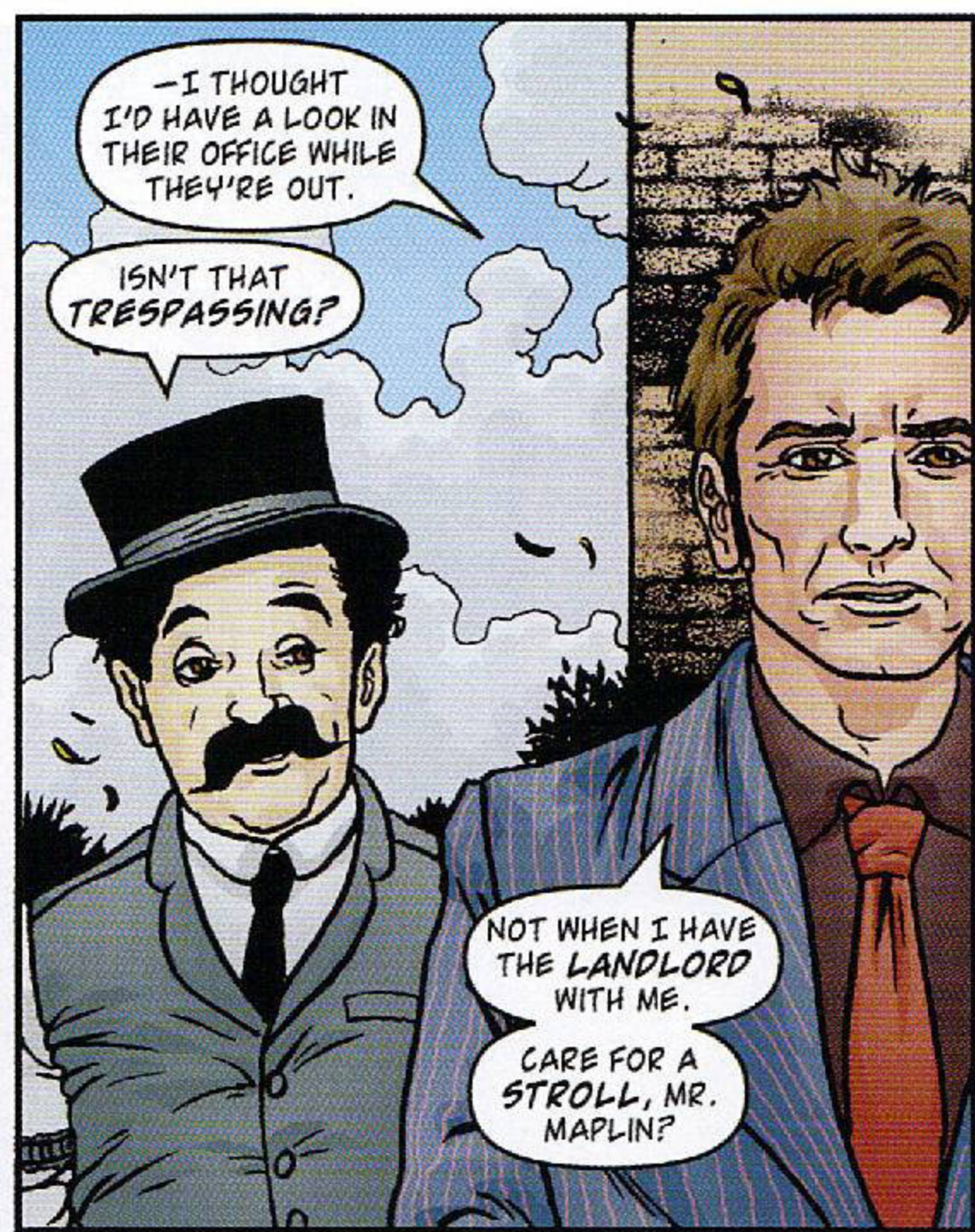
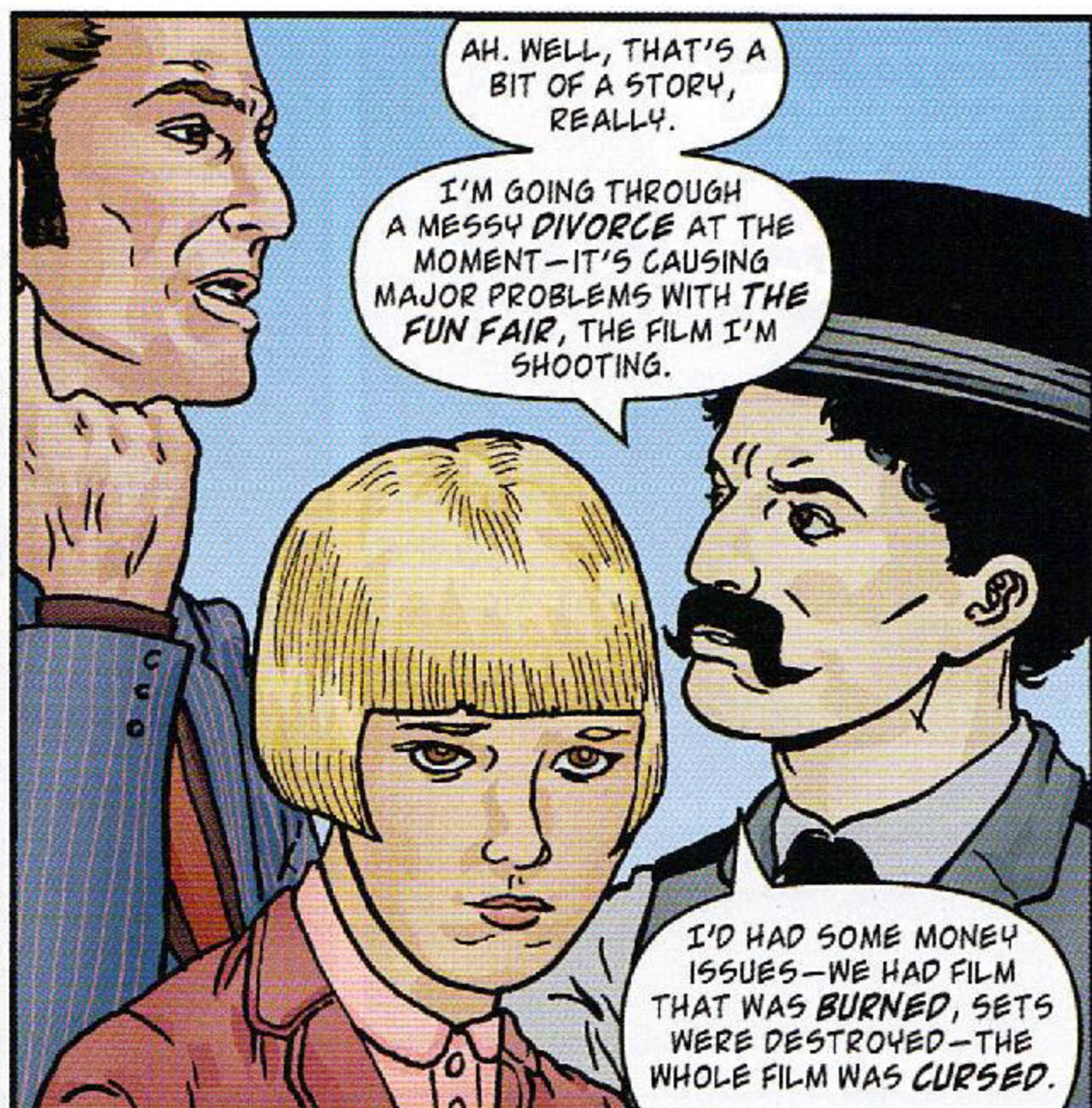
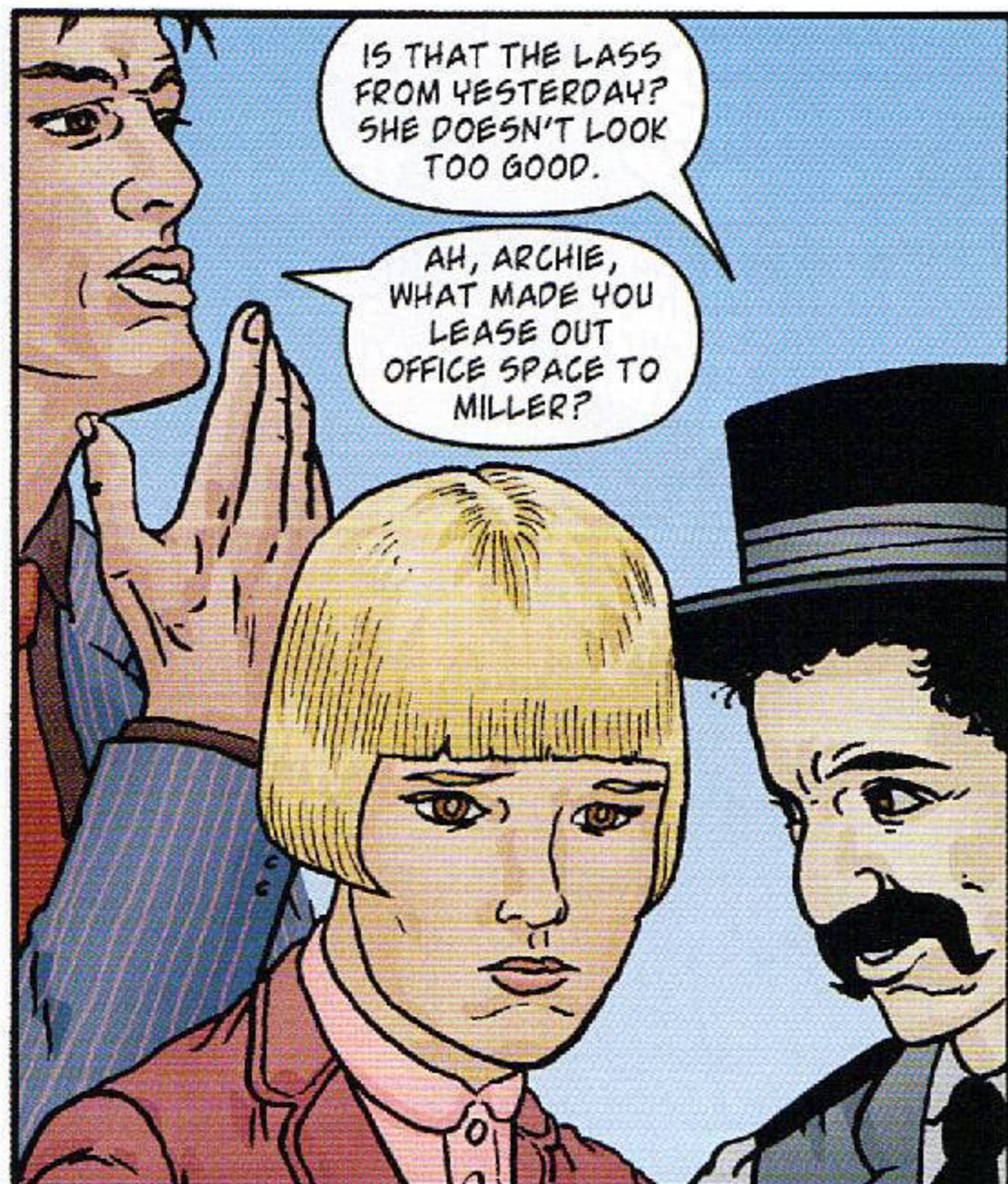
IT'S THE PART OF THE BRAIN THAT GIVES YOU OPTIMISM, PUTS A POSITIVE SPIN ON THINGS.

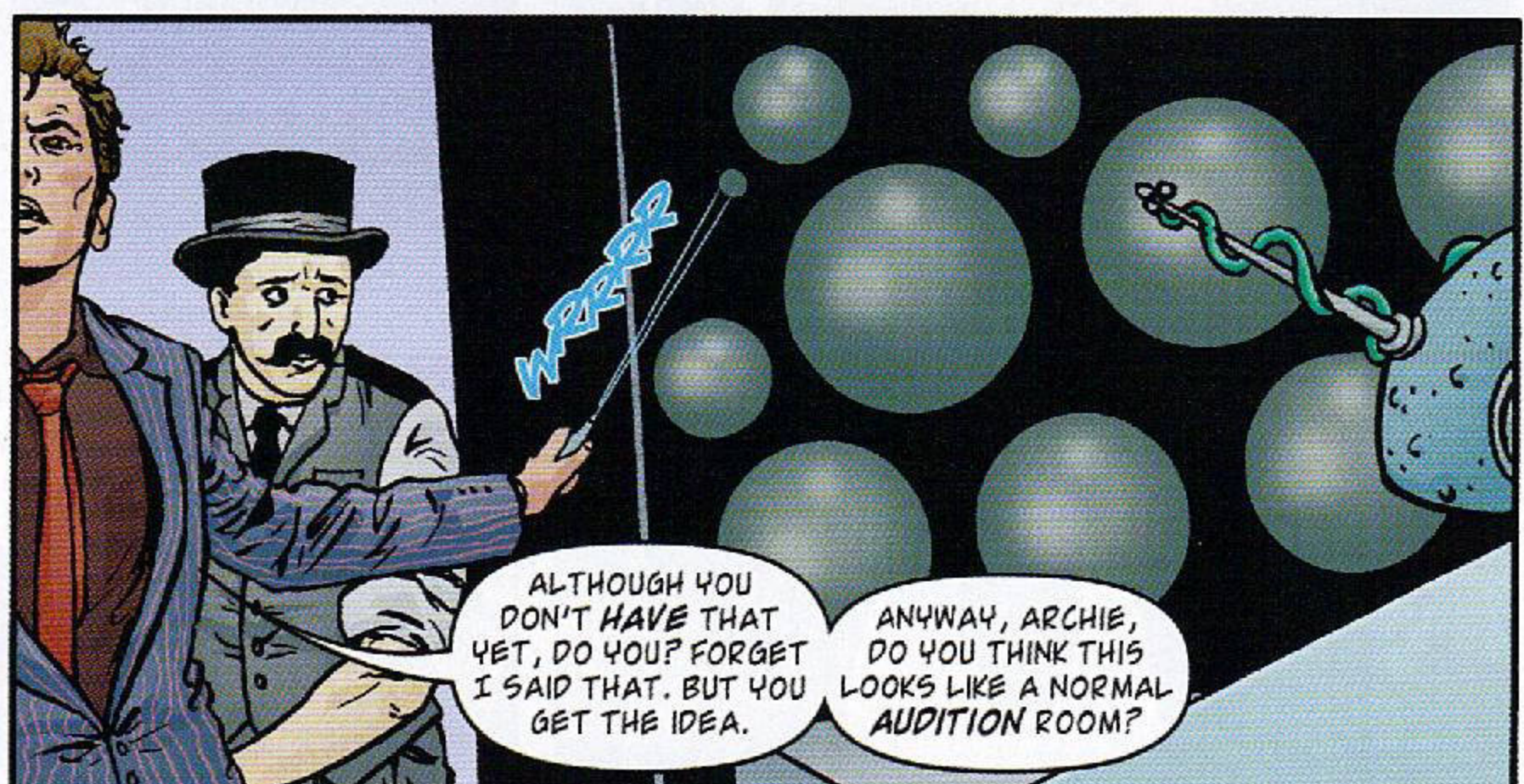
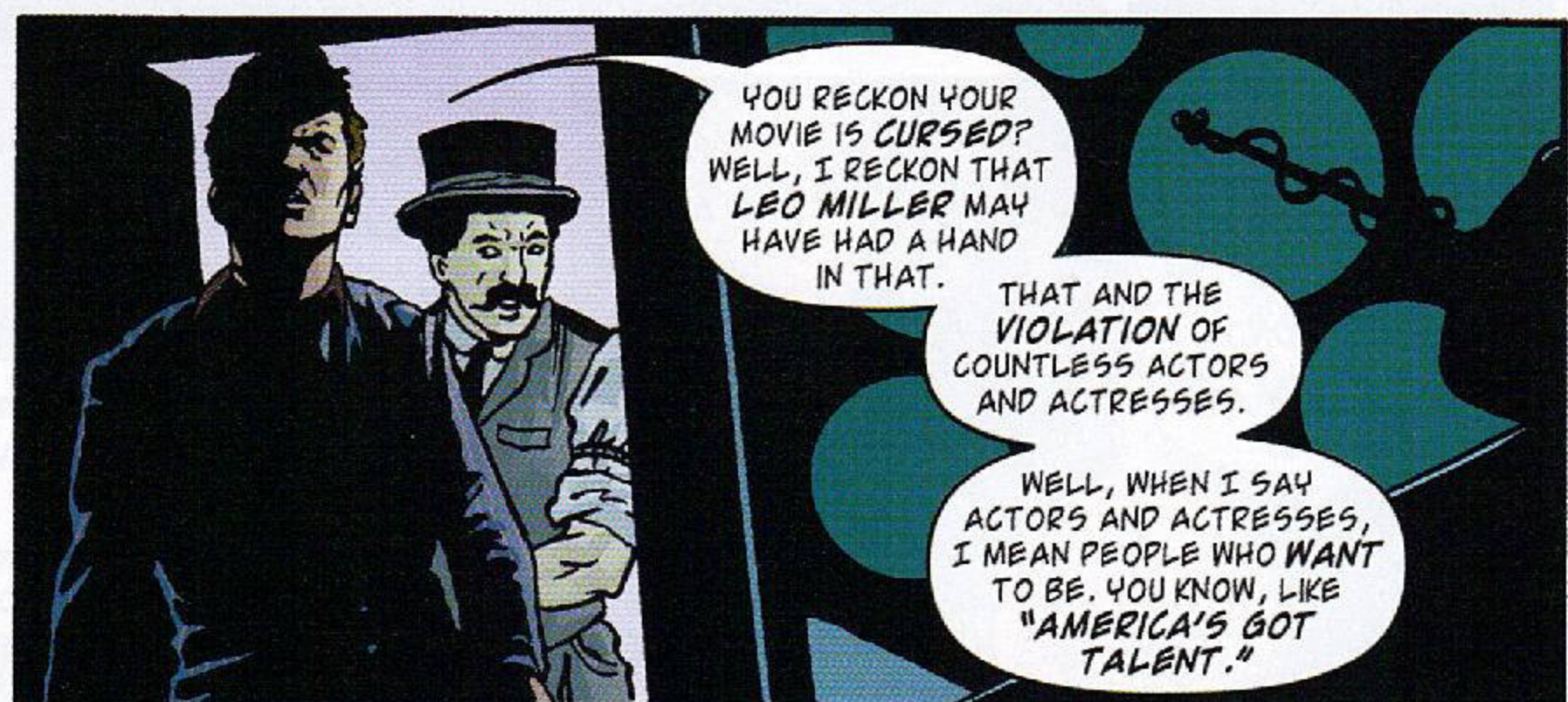
IN CONJUNCTION WITH THE RIGHT AMYGDALA, IT CONTROLS YOUR EMOTIONS, LIGHTENS THE MOOD, GIVES YOU HOPE.

THEY'VE ALTERED IT, CHEMICALLY REMOVED IT SOMEHOW.



THIS IS WHY THE FAILED ACTORS LEAVE—THEY'VE BEEN ALTERED NOT TO CARE ANYMORE.







WHAT IS THIS PLACE?

YOU SHOULD KNOW—AFTER ALL, YOU'RE RENTING IT TO THEM.

LOOKS TO ME LIKE SOME KIND OF TRANSFERENCE MACHINE. PROBABLY WHERE WANNABE ACTOR A'S HOPES AND DREAMS—



—ARE PUT INTO RECEPTACLE B.

AND BY RECEPTACLE, I MEAN MAXIMILIAN LOVE.



I CAN'T PLACE THE MACHINE'S DESIGN—IT'S INCREDIBLY OLD—BUT THERE ARE WORDS ON THE SIDE—

—THEY LOOK LIKE TERRONITE! BUT THE TERRONITES NEVER HAD MACHINERY LIKE THIS!



EXACTLY, DOCTOR. WE COULD NEVER HAVE BUILT A MACHINE LIKE THIS.

BUT IF YOU CAN READ TERRONITE, TELL THE NICE MR. MAPLIN WHAT THE WORDS SAY.



NOW LOOK HERE, MATE! I LEASED YOU THIS SPACE IN GOOD FAITH—

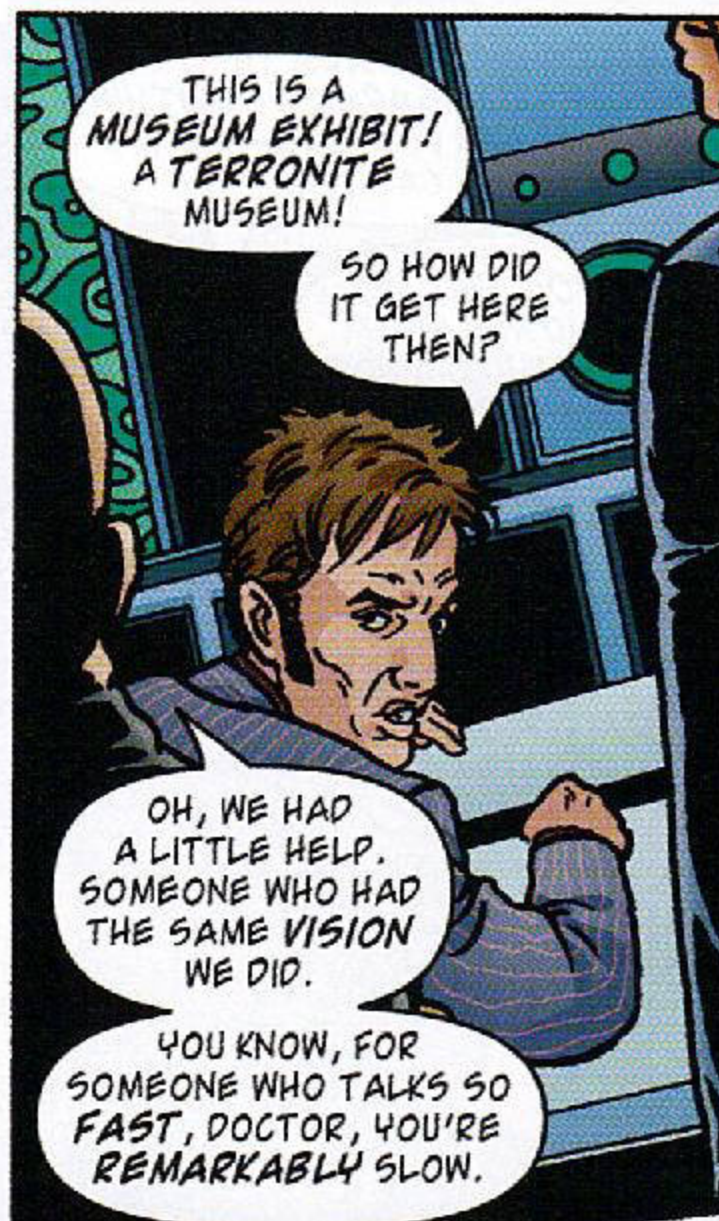
NOT NOW, ARCHIE. TRUST ME.

THEY WON'T THINK TWICE BEFORE SHOOTING YOU.



IT'S FORMAL PROSE. IT'S EXPLANATORY—

—HOLD ON! IT'S A DESCRIPTION! PRETTY MUCH "ALIEN ARTIFACT, UNKNOWN ORIGIN!"



THIS IS A MUSEUM EXHIBIT! A TERRONITE MUSEUM!

SO HOW DID IT GET HERE THEN?

OH, WE HAD A LITTLE HELP. SOMEONE WHO HAD THE SAME VISION WE DID.

YOU KNOW, FOR SOMEONE WHO TALKS SO FAST, DOCTOR, YOU'RE REMARKABLY SLOW.



DOCTOR! GET OUT OF HERE!

OH, ARCHIBALD—



—I ALWAYS PREFERRED HAROLD LLOYD MOVIES.

FZZZAPPP



ARCHIE!

WHAT HAVE YOU DONE, LEO?!

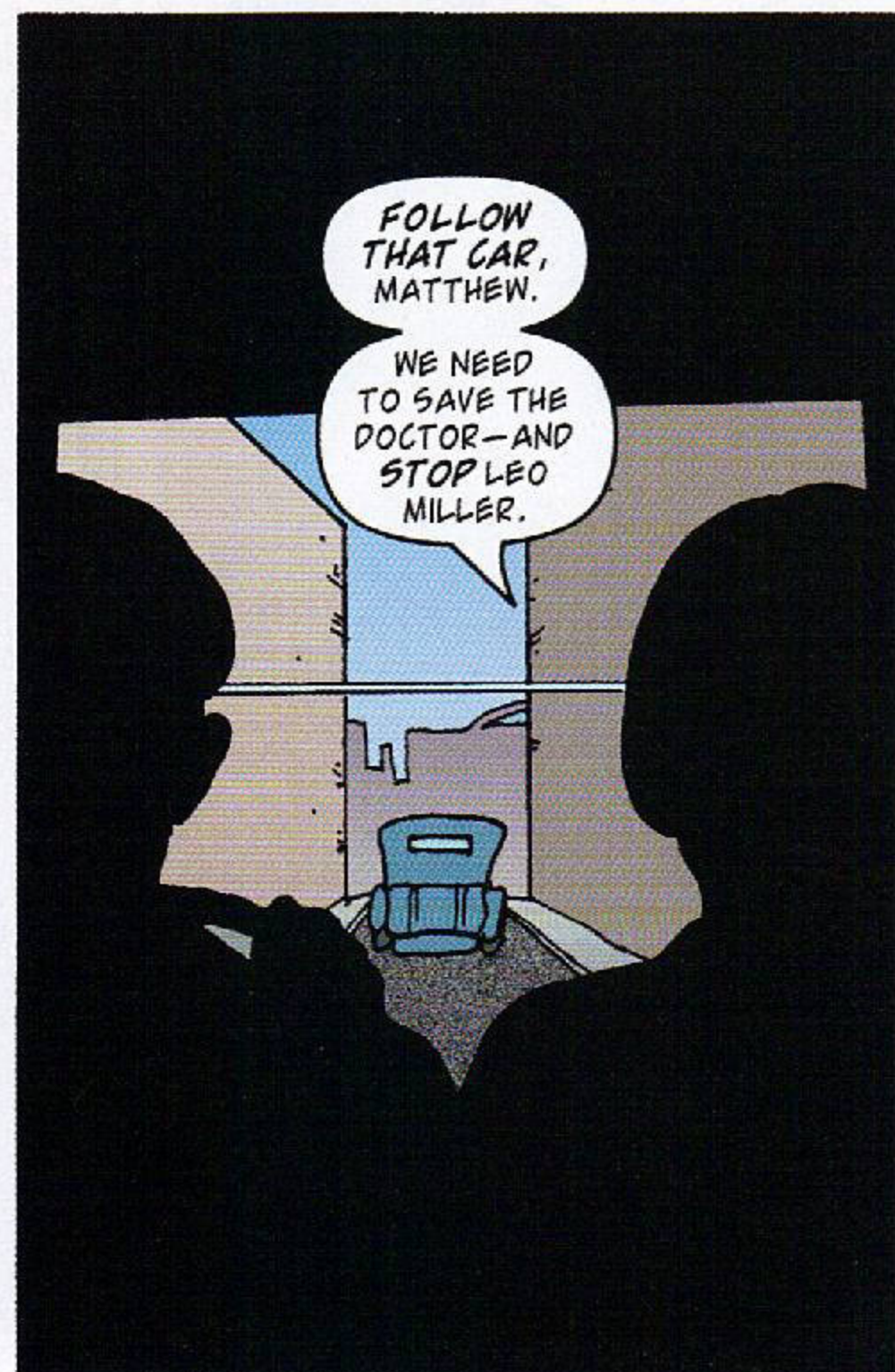
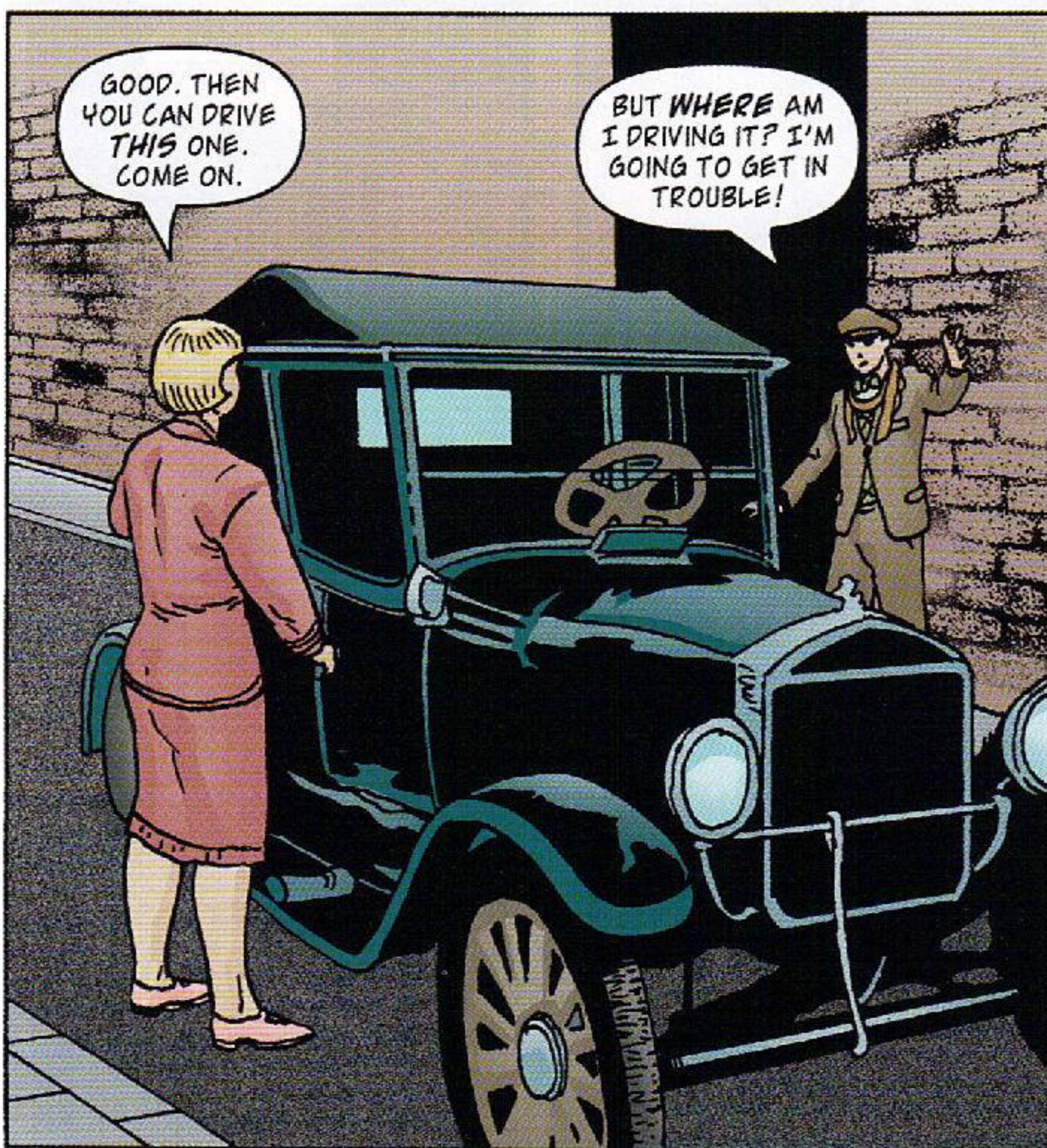
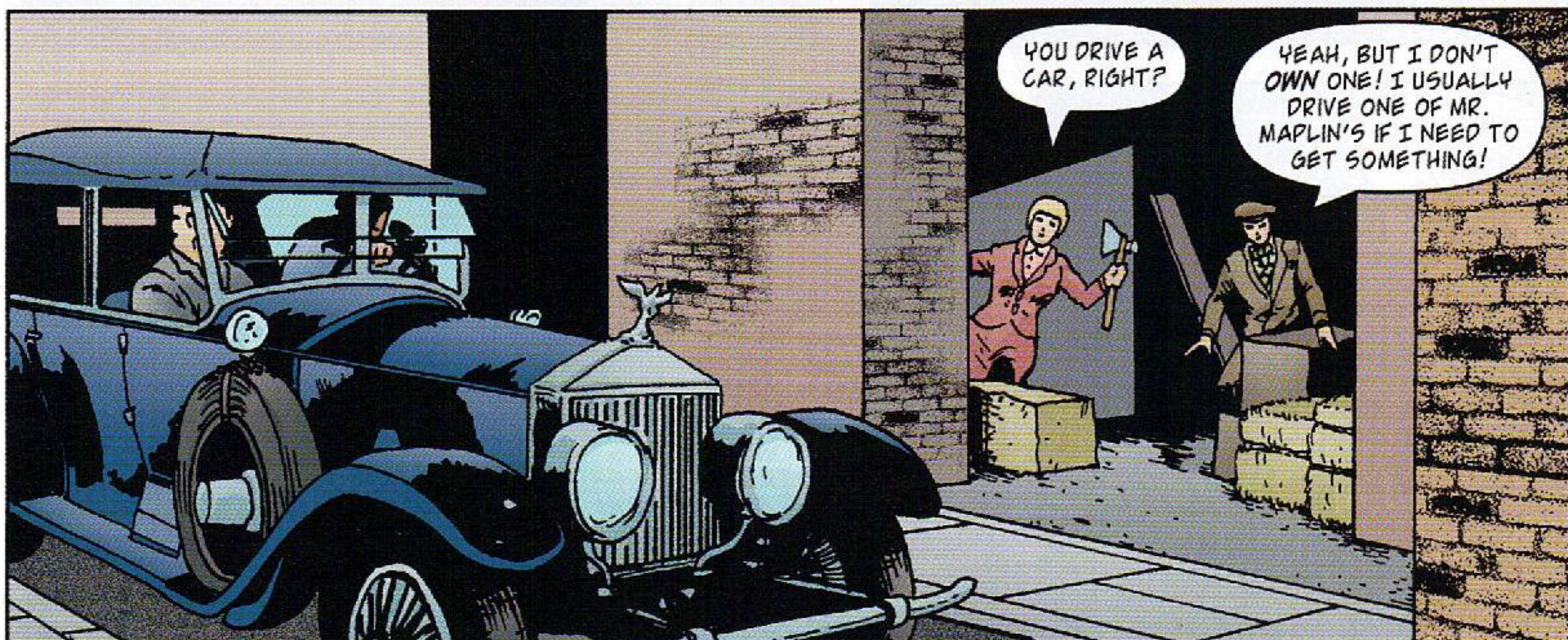
DON'T WORRY—I'VE ONLY STUNNED HIM. WE NEED MR. MAPLIN STILL.



YOU, HOWEVER, DOCTOR...

...WE DON'T NEED YOU AT ALL.





HOLLYWOODLA

YOU KNOW, I ALWAYS
PREFERRED IT THIS WAY.
WHEN THE "LAND" CAME
DOWN IT LOST A BIT OF ITS
MAGIC, YOU KNOW?

ARE YOU
GOING TO TALK
ALL OF THE TIME,
DOCTOR?

PROBABLY.

I MEAN, THIS
IS MOST LIKELY THE
LAST TIME I'LL BE
ABLE TO TALK, RIGHT?
YOU WANT ME DEAD
AND ALL THAT...

...SO OF COURSE
I'M GOING TO TALK. I
HAVE SO MANY WORDS
LEFT INSIDE ME, ALL
JUST BURSTING TO
COME OUT.

WORDS LIKE
ABSQUATULATE AND
BLOVIATE.
HIGGLEDY-PIGGLEDY
AND KERFUFFLE—

WILL YOU
JUST SHUT
UP?!

UNLIKELY,
REALLY. AND BIGGER
AND Badder THAN
YOU HAVE ASKED
ME TO.

BUT ENOUGH
ABOUT ME—TELL
ME ABOUT
YOURSELF, LEO.
WHAT'S A TERRONITE
DOING IN 1920S
HOLLYWOOD WITH A
STRANGE AND
ANCIENT DEVICE?

LEO, I THINK
YOU'VE SAID
ENOUGH—

NONSENSE! THIS
IS THE LAST WISH
OF A DYING MAN!
THERE IS NO GREATER
PATHOS IN THE
UNIVERSE!

YOU'RE RIGHT, WE
ARE FROM TERRON V.
BUT WE WEREN'T OF THE
UPPER CASTE—WE WERE
THE LOWER DEPTHS
OF SOCIETY.

WE WERE
ACTORS.

"WITH THEATRE BANNED, ALL WE COULD DO WAS PERFORM AS 'INTERACTIVE GUIDES' OF THE SCIENCE MUSEUM.

"TWICE AN HOUR—TELLING USELESS FACTS TO CHILDREN WHO DIDN'T CARE."

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"TWICE AN HOUR—TELLING USELESS FACTS TO CHILDREN WHO DIDN'T CARE."

YWOODLAND

THE TERRONITE EMPIRE MIGHT BE SMALL, DOCTOR, BUT WE'RE VERY GOOD AT SCAVENGING.

HALF OF OUR SCIENCE MUSEUM WAS FILLED WITH ITEMS, ANCIENT MACHINES THAT WE HAD FOUND— BUT COULDN'T USE.

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AND LET ME GUESS. YOU WORKED OUT HOW ONE OF THESE MACHINES WORKED, RIGHT?

YOU THEN MADE YOUR WAY HERE AND THEN STARTED USING IT TO MAKE MAXIE BOY HERE A BETTER ACTOR?

WELL, WE HAD SOME OUTSIDE HELP, OF COURSE-

AND LET ME GUESS. YOU WORKED OUT HOW ONE OF THESE MACHINES WORKED, RIGHT?

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A comic book panel showing a man in a blue suit and glasses being held back by a man in a green suit. The man in the green suit is shouting "AZZZAPPP" and has a speech bubble that says "-BUT THEY TOLD US TO KEEP THEIR NAME OUT OF THE PRESS."

A comic book panel with a blue sky and yellow ground background. Two men in suits stand over a man lying on the ground. The man on the left, with dark hair, says, "THE MIDDAY TRAIN IS DUE SOON." The man on the right, who is balding, says, "GET TO WORK." The man on the ground has brown hair and is looking up at them.

A comic book panel with a blue sky and yellow ground background. Two men in suits stand over a man lying on the ground. The man on the left, with dark hair, says, "THE MIDDAY TRAIN IS DUE SOON." The man on the right, who is balding, says, "GET TO WORK." The man on the ground has brown hair and is looking up at them.

"DOCTOR? DOCTOR!"

COME ON—YOU'RE GOING TO WANT TO BE AWAKE FOR THIS.

YOU'RE KIDDING ME.

THIS WAS YOUR PLAN? TO TIE ME TO TRAIN TRACKS? I MEAN, COME ON!

OH, YOU KNOW US ACTORS, DOCTOR, ALWAYS THERE FOR THE DRAMATIC.

AND DON'T THINK YOU'LL BE ABLE TO USE YOUR LITTLE SONIC TOY TO GET OUT OF THIS.

YOU KNOW, MAX THINKS YOU'RE A TIME LORD. I, HOWEVER, THINK THEY'RE A MYTH.

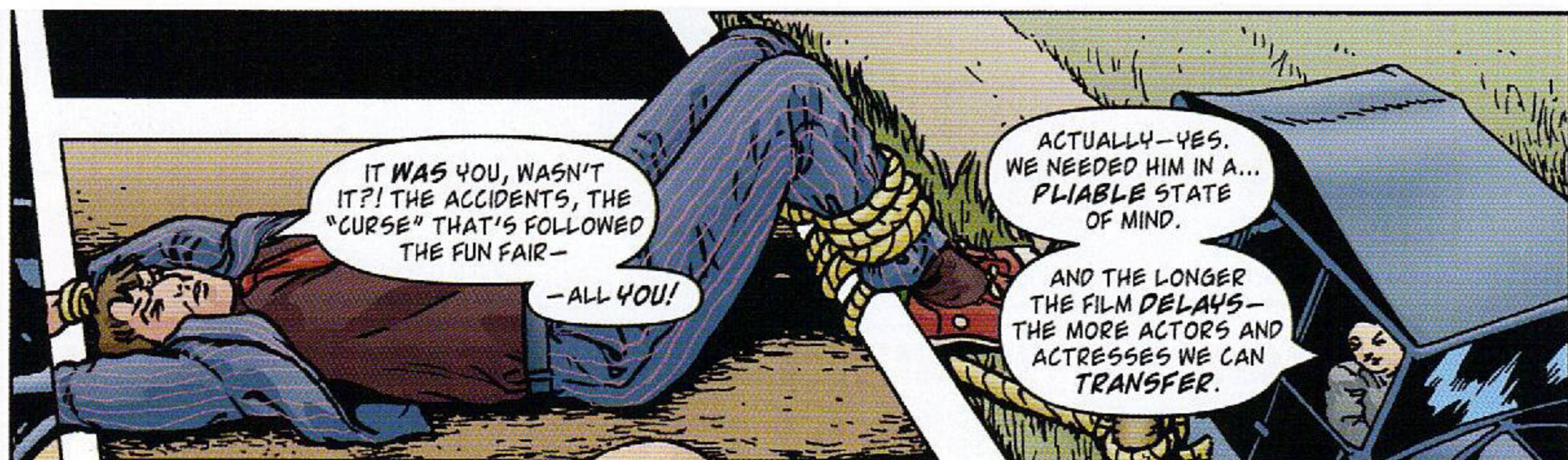
EITHER WAY, IN A COUPLE OF MINUTES, YOU'LL BE HISTORY.

YOU WON'T GET AWAY WITH THIS! MAPLIN WILL GO TO THE POLICE—

ARCHIE MAPLIN IS STRAPPED TO ONE OF THE TWO TABLES BACK AT THE OFFICE, DOCTOR.

IN LESS THAN AN HOUR HE WON'T REMEMBER A THING—AND HIS DREAMS OF ACTING WILL BE JUST THAT—

—A DREAM.



IT WAS YOU, WASN'T IT?! THE ACCIDENTS, THE "CURSE" THAT'S FOLLOWED THE FUN FAIR—

—ALL YOU!

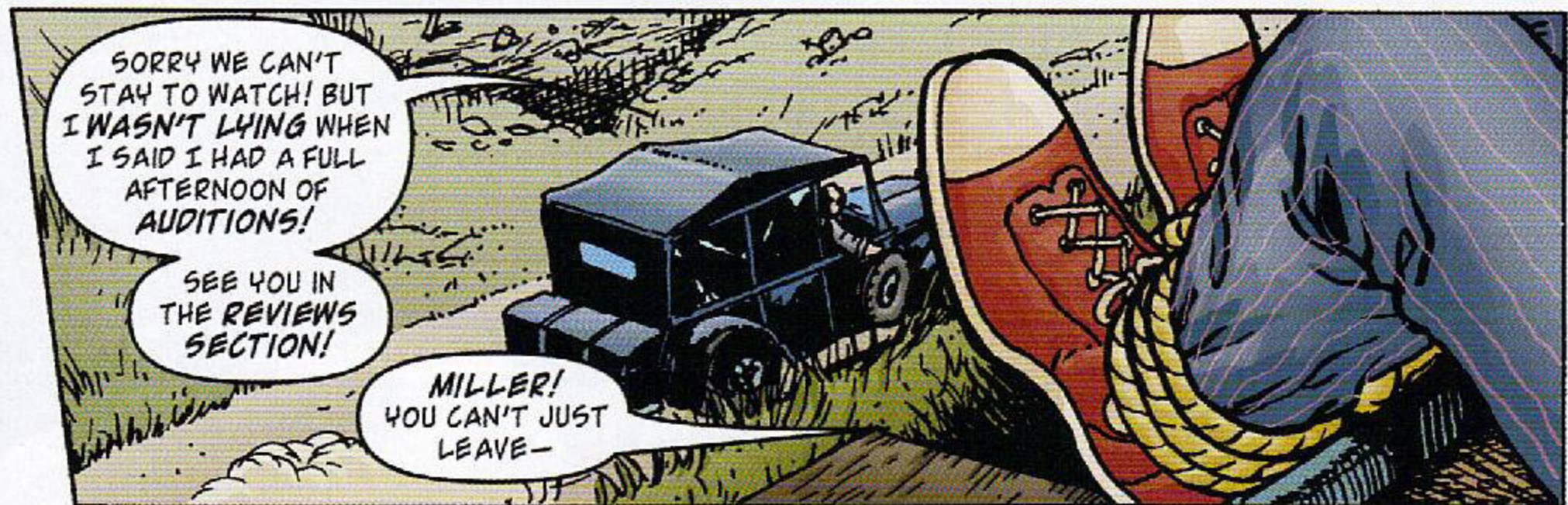
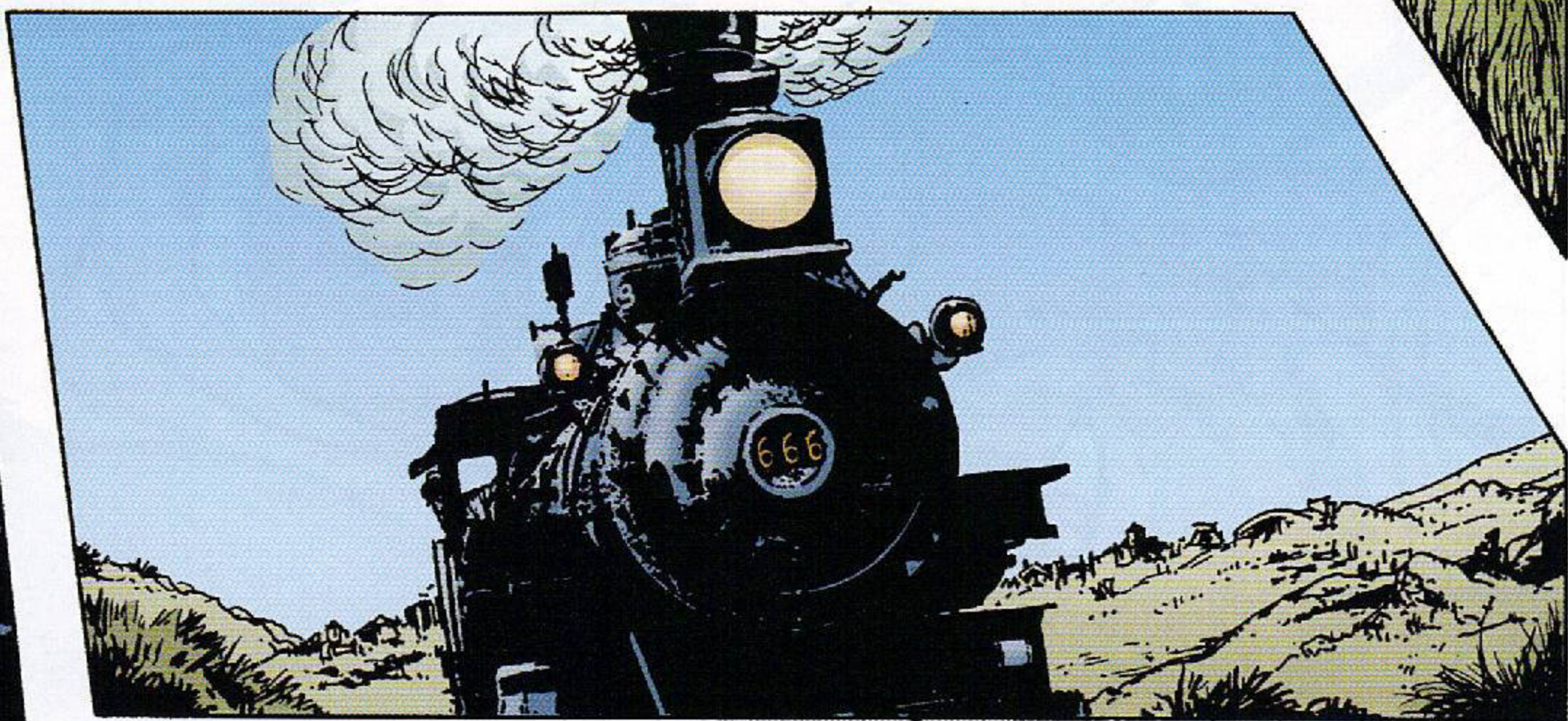
ACTUALLY—YES. WE NEEDED HIM IN A... PLIABLE STATE OF MIND.

AND THE LONGER THE FILM DELAYS—THE MORE ACTORS AND ACTRESSES WE CAN TRANSFER.



OH, LOOKS LIKE THE NOON TRAIN IS RIGHT ON TIME, DOCTOR.

TIME FOR YOUR CURTAIN CALL.



SORRY WE CAN'T STAY TO WATCH! BUT I WASN'T LYING WHEN I SAID I HAD A FULL AFTERNOON OF AUDITIONS!

SEE YOU IN THE REVIEWS SECTION!

MILLER! YOU CAN'T JUST LEAVE—



—OH NO.

HOLLYWOOD

THIS IS
NOT HOW I
EXPECTED
TO GO!

NEXT: TERROR ON THE TRACKS!

DOCTOR WHO

IDW AND BBC PROUDLY PRESENT THE ONGOING ADVENTURES OF THE DOCTOR.

WELCOME TO THE FIRST ISSUE OF DOCTOR WHO.

For the first time, the Doctor is starring in an original, ongoing series published by an American company. That's a big responsibility.

As the 1970s gave way to the '80s, Tom Baker began appearing on PBS and captured the imagination of many young Americans. That has fostered a huge *Doctor Who* following here, and they are as devoted as their counterparts in the U.K.

So getting this series just right is quite a daunting task, and we knew we had to hire one of the hot British writers. And when they all turned us down, we started answering Tony Lee's persistent e-mails.

Tony swears he's British (Wikipedia confirms it), and by George, he had a great vision for the series. And it didn't hurt that he's friendly with one of our team at the BBC, Gary Russell. Gary was a big part of making this series happen along with David "Turbo" Turbitt.

And what a series it's going to be. Tony already has the first 18 issues all mapped out, and he's fashioned a roller-coaster ride with one hell of a final drop.

And taking us to the top of the first ascent is artist Al Davison. A nicer fellow you'd be hard-pressed to find. Lucky for us because he could easily kick Chuck Norris' ass. Al Davison's hand is the only hand that can beat a Royal Flush. And with it he'll be illustrating the first story arc "Silver Scream," a two-parter.

If that's not enough, Paul Grist will be the regular cover artist for the series.

In addition to the ongoing series, we have an assortment of one-shots by some of the finest creators, including Ben Templesmith, John Ostrander, Tom Mandrake, and many others we don't have room to list here.

And now we'd like to hear what else you want to see. Be it one-shots, miniseries, tales of past Doctors (like in *The Forgotten* miniseries), holiday specials, reprints, or adaptations of "missing" episodes, let us know by sending a letter or e-mail us at letters@idwpublishing.com. Or you can join us on the IDW forums at idwpublishing.com. We'd also love to hear what you think of this first issue. Be sure to mark letters, e-mails, and posts "okay to print" if you'd like us to use them in future letter columns.

But one thing we won't be accepting is personal packages for Tony. Don't ask.



Denton J. Tipton
San Diego

...

Hi. I'm Tony.

I'm the writer of the series, and I'm really hoping that you enjoyed this comic. If you did, great. I'm glad you did.

If you didn't, I'd appreciate it if you wrote down what was wrong with it on the back of a five or ten dollar bill and send it to IDW...

Seriously though, there's a high bar to meet when writing a *Doctor Who* comic, especially for a Brit. We've had Alan Moore write *Doctor Who*. We've had Grant Morrison write it. Pat Mills, John Wagner, Dave Gibbons—we've even had people like Colin Baker, the *Sixth Doctor* himself,

write it. The Doctor writing the Doctor. That's a tough act to follow.

And in IDW I had an even tougher act, as not only am I following in the footsteps of possibly (in my opinion) one of the best *Who* writers out there, Gary Russell—but I'm writing the *Who* ongoing that he *should* have been writing.

Originally Gary's six-part story, *Agent Provocateur*, was scheduled to be part of a longer run, 18 issues or so, if not more. I don't know what happened, but by the time I was involved with *The Forgotten*, Gary's story was suddenly finite. All I know is the moment I knew I had the ongoing gig, the first thing I did was hunt Gary down on the Internet to gain his blessing. Which he gave, because at the end of the day Gary is one of the nicest guys in *Who*. And of course there was probably some amusement, as he realised that I myself had provided the highest bar that I would now have to meet.

The Forgotten was always supposed to be a six-parter. But it was supposed to be my *only* six-parter. I know the score, I'm savvy to the hipster happenings—I knew that six issues would be about my limit before IDW thanked me politely and moved on to the next six-parter. And so I ensured it would be my best. And some people say it's great, some say it's a little to "fannish"—but at the end of the day, I looked at it and smiled. It was one of the greatest things I'd written.

And then a month before it finished, I was offered another six-parter, which I pitched for once more. But then I realised I had a problem—I'd raised a high bar here with *The Forgotten*—I couldn't just write any old story. And then the six-parter turned into an ongoing! I had to be as good, if not better than *The Forgotten*, on a monthly basis! I needed more than my A game. I needed a *multi-dimensional* A game.

The next year and a half will show that I have that A game, with luck. Starting with a trip to 1920s Hollywood (with the artistic skills of Al Davison, a man who I've been a fan of since I first saw his work for Vertigo—and a man whose martial arts prowess makes Jackie Chan look like Lee Evans), we'll then have the Doctor on the run for his very life with the most unlikely of allies and then travel the universe with new friends. There will be shocks, there will be cliffhangers—I grew up on the classic series and I have a fond memory of the "will he survive" feeling while waiting for the next part, and so the stories will be two-parters, three-parters, even four-parters—and there will be a final sacrifice that will shake the universe to its very core.

When is this set? Whenever you want. That's the joy of time travel. For me, though, it's set during the year of specials. Maybe after "Planet Of The Dead," perhaps after "The Waters Of Mars." Either way, the clock's ticking for the Tenth Doctor. Tick tock, tick tock—and soon that door will *knock four times*...

Will you stay with the Doctor until the darkness comes? Will you stand with him and his allies against unspeakable horrors, returning villains, alien lifeforms, and death from the very ground itself? If the answer is "yes" then welcome to my world. I hope you enjoy the ongoing series, and that you tell your friends. Because even the Doctor needs friends.

Because at the *end*, he might need *as many as he can find*...

Tony Lee
In a cafe in London, England

ALSO THIS MONTH:



DOCTOR WHO: ROOM WITH A DEJA VIEW
BY RICH JOHNSTON AND ERICJ

ALSO THIS MONTH:



DOCTOR WHO CLASSICS: SERIES 2 #8

COMING IN AUGUST:



DOCTOR WHO: COLD BLOODED WAR
BY RICHARD STARKINGS AND ADRIAN SALMON

COMING IN AUGUST:



DOCTOR WHO CLASSICS: SERIES 2 #9